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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIII. No. 309 (New Series) SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. EDEN'S speech did not convince anyone that non-intervention was one inch nearer to becoming a reality. In view of General Franco's refusal to accept any external control over territory in his possession, the Non-Intervention Committee (whose British chairman seems inclined to favour the monstrous suggestion of "blocking" the Spanish Government's gold resources) has before it a modified "observation" scheme designed to be put into effect in the absence of consent either of the Spanish Government or of the rebels. How effective, even on paper, such a system of control could be is matter for speculation. More important at the moment is that the German and Italian replies to the latest British Note, urging all-round prohibition of "Volunteering," have still not been received, while Portugal has refused international control. Meanwhile, actual "intervention" continues without interruption. Franco's attack on Madrid is still successfully held in check; but German air forces on the rebel side are being rapidly augmented, and in the South the insurgents, not without strong resistance, have advanced considerably along the coast road to Malaga.

Mr. Eden on the Defensive

In these circumstances the Foreign Secretary's defence of British policy in the House could not be anything but lame. He had no answer to the criticism that our unilateral ban on volunteers is both questionable law and, tactically, the feeble abandonment of a bargaining weapon. He could not explain why the Law Officers, after months of inaction, suddenly decided that the Foreign Enlistment Act forbade aid to a legitimate Government trying to put down a rebellion. He insisted that the Anglo-Italian declaration fully safeguarded the political independence and territorial integrity of Spain, and that the British Government could not recognise the right of any Power to intervene, "whatever the complexion of the Government in any part of that country." Reports from Morocco were "reassuring"; no German troops had landed. Unfortunately for Mr. Eden, who still clings to the belief that, if only the rules of international cricket can be re-established, some sort of compromise between Left Republicanism and military Fascism will be reached in Spain, Italy openly dissents from his reading of the Declaration. The Duce has announced that Communism in Catalonia will not be "tolerated." As for Morocco, its strategic utility to Germany lies in air-base facilities; the Peninsula is the obvious terrain for use of troops. What Mr. Eden significantly omitted to state is the attitude which would be adopted by the British Government if M. Blum, faced with the continuance of an influx of German and Italian troops into Spain, pressed for the imposition of the one really effective form of control—an Anglo-French naval blockade of the Spanish and Portugese coasts.

Collaboration with Germany

Passing from the particular to the general, Mr. Eden expressed sentiments unimpeachable in tone, if lacking somewhat in precision. Britain desired in Europe unity of purpose, peace and prosperity for all. She was prepared to collaborate in the common work of "political appeasement and economic co-operation." But economic and financial accommodation must be based upon "solid and well-conceived political undertakings." That is, Germany must renounce her present policy of intensive rearmament, economic isolation and sharpening international antagonisms. In plain words: no credits for munitions. Negatively this was well said. But what positive contribution towards helping a Germany reconverted to economic reason has the British Government in mind? A scheme has lately been discussed in Paris whereby Anglo-French credits would be used to aid Germany in obtaining food from the primary producing countries. Germany to-day, short of grain and fats, striving after fantastic home-produced substitutes for essential materials, is in the psychological condition normally reached by a country after years of war. Her blockade is self-imposed, and the whole regime organised for war. It will be said by the more despairing opponents of Nazi Germany that Hitler would only avail himself of any credit proposed to release further foreign exchange for the purchase of armaments. Admittedly any scheme for co-operating with Germany has its dangers. But with the danger as great as it is in any case we have no right to miss any chance, however faint, of trying to modify the German regime in the direction of more butter and less guns. But that is the essential condition.

The Strategy of Nazi Germany

With such schemes in the air we shall not be surprised if the Führer's speech to the Reichstag next Saturday is couched in terms of amity towards the Western democracies and especially towards Belgium. Peaceful professions by Herr Hitler, carefully timed to mask successive steps towards dominating Europe have become an integral part of Nazi strategy. There is nothing reassuring in Germany's latest moves. Having sought, in his visit to Rome, closer Italo-German co-operation in the Mediterranean, General Göring is shortly visiting Poland, to advocate doubtless the "common front" against Russia. There have been renewed signs of Nazi activity in Austria, a recrudescence of the German press campaign against Czechoslovakia's (quite mythical) Russian aerodromes, and a significant £4½ million German loan, earmarked for further munition purchases, to Greece. At home the Four-year Plan of self-sufficiency is being vigorously pressed forward. Enormous loans are being raised by industrial concerns to finance production of oil from domestic coal. The strain imposed on Germany by her present policy is terrific, and breaking-point may not be far off. But when it comes will the reaction be willingness to accept Anglo-French aid, on terms, or a disposition to risk all on the mad gamble of a European war?

Defeat at Danzig

The tragic farce of which Danzig has become the scene, though played upon so small a stage, may be even more damaging to the League of Nations than the Abyssinian fiasco and even more stimulating to the dynamic *Geist* of the Nazis. By way of safeguarding Danzig's constitutional democracy, it appears that the terroristic totalitarianism now almost frankly directed by the German Secret Police within the Free City is to be accepted by the League Council this week. Conditions in Danzig differ from those in the Reich only in that the Danzig Centre and Nationalist Parties have not yet been officially dissolved, but their newspaper and other activities are completely suppressed and their leaders in *Schutzhaft*. There is no concentration camp on Danzig territory yet, but *Schutzhaft* is made to serve the same purpose. It now seems likely that a Norwegian ex-diplomat and lawyer, M. Reimers, who, as a member of the Plebiscite Tribunal in the Saar, has had practice in the legal justification of Nazi illegalities, will be nominated as the new High Commissioner of the League, on the tacit understanding that he never takes action. Face-saving could scarcely go further. This is all the more lamentable since any firm gesture—a British warship in Danzig waters, for instance—could have brought the Danzig Senate to its knees at any well-chosen moment. But the League Powers have failed to act together, and the Poles naturally, if perhaps shortsightedly, declare that their geographical position makes it impossible for them to take drastic steps on their own. The Germans, meanwhile, are forcing the young men of Danzig to enlist in the Reich Army, building up a Danzig Air Detachment and re-establishing a submarine base in the harbour of Danzig.

The American Struggle

Tear gas has made its appearance in the American automobile strike, but not to the extent necessary to prevent the Union pickets from closing down yet another factory. The Automobile Workers' Union had first negotiated a truce with General Motors, and then resumed the struggle, when the strikers refused to evacuate the occupied factories, and the Corporation opened up parallel negotiations with a company union of "loyal" employees formed for the purpose of breaking the strike. The Committee for Industrial Organisation has, however, settled the glassworkers' strike; it is very anxious, in order to increase the pressure on General Motors, to enable Fords and the other independent companies to continue in production. These were threatened by the stoppage of safety-glass supplies, but will now be able to carry on, capturing trade from the General Motors Corporation, as long as the main strike lasts. The issue still seems doubtful. The Union has the key men in most of the factories on its side, and the American Federation of Labour's order to its members to remain at work has had very little effect. But a large proportion of the automobile workers is still unorganised; and it is doubtful if the Union can stand firm if the strike is prolonged over many weeks. The Federal Government still maintains its watching attitude, attempting nothing beyond conciliation; and force has not yet been invoked to drive the strikers out of the occupied factories. This last fact in itself shows by how much Labour's power in America has grown. The employers are hesitating to resort to violence; but if this strike can be broken they will not hesitate next time. That is why the struggle has a symbolic importance, not only for Mr. Lewis's C.I.O., but for the whole Labour movement in the United States.

"Subversive Activities"

To say that Sir Samual Hoare's explanation of the dismissal of five men from the Royal Dockyards was "unsatisfactory" is an understatement. The First Lord admitted that the men had been dismissed without any notice, without any information concerning the charges made against them, and accordingly without any opportunity of answering these charges, whatever they may be. Even a prisoner charged with military espionage is given a reasonable trial, and has an opportunity of defending himself before sentence is pronounced. But these men, alleged to have been guilty of "subversive" activities, have been sacked after a private inquiry the nature of which Sir Samuel Hoare, in the public interest, refuses to disclose. No wonder that the Labour Party has tabled a motion of censure and that Mr. Bevin has demanded an impartial inquiry into the case. Sir Samuel Hoare alleges that the dismissals are not due to the men's "political" activities; but we do not know where, in the First Lord's mind, the line is drawn between the "political" and the "subversive." At all events, there can be now no escape for the Government from a full inquiry; for we are quite unable to take Sir Samuel Hoare's word for it that public knowledge of the facts is not in the public interest. Even if the men had been charged with espionage—and Sir Samuel Hoare's speech does not suggest they were—why should the public not know? And if, as seems more likely, they were charged merely with "subversiveness," there is every reason for publicity. If men are to be liable to instant dismissal for "subversiveness," it is imperative that "subversiveness" shall be clearly defined.

The L.C.C. Election

The forthcoming London County Council election will be a stiff fight. The Municipal Reformers are going out as hard as they can to regain their lost majority; and it will be a tussle between them and the Labour Party in every area except the City and Bethnal Green. In the City reaction will have its usual walk-over. In Bethnal Green, the one borough in which Liberalism retains considerable strength, the Municipal Reformers are supporting the Liberals in the hope of keeping Labour out. There will be Liberals in a very few other areas, but in most there will be straight fights between M.R. and Labour; the Communists and I.L.P. are not bringing forward any candidates this time. A few Fascists may appear; but they will not probably make much difference. So far, there is no sign of any clear issue on which the election is likely to be fought. If the M.R.s have a "stunt," they have not produced it yet; and Mr. Morrison will fight on his party's general record and programme rather than on any one thing. Unless a "stunt" is found, or the troubles inside the Labour Party destroy unity, Mr. Morrison seems to stand a good chance of winning. Even his opponents can hardly deny that London under Labour has been governed well, without extravagance, but that the poor have benefited. The L.C.C. has no power to end the Means Test; but it has been humanised. Housing and slum-clearance are now proceeding at a good pace; the hospital service has been greatly improved; and a real contribution has been made to amenity in respect of the "green belt" and other measures of planning.

Privacy and the Press

We hope that the popular press will take to heart the observations of the Coroner at a widely reported inquest this week. The son of a man who had killed himself had complained very properly to the Court that a paper rang up his mother at one o'clock in the morning, pestering her for details at a moment of the greatest personal distress. "No useful purpose," said the Coroner, "is served by this indecent hurry to get hold of sensational paragraphs by persecuting relatives before the inquest." Comment might well be more astringent. The practice increasingly followed by news-editors of competing popular dailies is to detail reporters to telephone anyone and everyone who is connected or believed to be connected with victims of tragedies. The object of the quest is always the "human angle on the news"—the first words of a mother who thus learns her child is dead, the reactions of the wife to the news that her husband is charged with murder. If photographs can be purloined—"snatched" is the technical word—from a bereaved household's mantelpiece, so much the better. A few years ago the Home Secretary referred to a case of a woman who was pestered by a newspaper to ask for the exhumation of the body of her daughter who, as far as anyone knew, had died a perfectly natural death. The reporter sent on such errands is in a loathsome position; the more squeamish will put through a fictitious telephone call or ask for an imaginary interview and come back to say that they could get nothing. But this takes courage and is not the way to promotion in the less scrupulous offices. The better newspapers are already in revolt against such ghoulish intrusions. If the half-dozen managements concerned would get together to ban it, the practice could be stopped in a day.

Relief Work in Spain

Far more British help for the Spanish people is being locally and unofficially organised than the casual reader of the press would imagine. The work naturally began with medical help. The Scottish ambulance unit and the Spanish Medical Aid have both done good work; the latter, now at Albacete, is treating about 100 cases a day, including many of General Franco's wounded. About £15,000 was collected for this unit; most of this has now been spent. Local medical aid committees have been formed in Oxford, Cambridge, Birmingham, Colchester, Chelsea, Hampstead and Holborn. Holborn has been among the most active. It has collected £1,000 and hopes to collect another £500 by the meetings, lectures and other activities it has organised for the week from January 22nd to January 28th. An important step has been taken in organising a National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief, of which the Duchess of Atholl is chairman. This co-ordinating committee was formed after the return from Madrid of the all-party delegation last December. A large variety of different bodies are now represented on the committee. Its activities include the recent dispatch of four large motor coaches and two private cars under the charge of Mr. G. T. Garratt and Mr. Frank Rogers. The coaches and cars have gone out filled with foodstuffs for Madrid; they are to remain there for the purpose of aiding the evacuation of women and children.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE DISUNITED FRONT

THE first reaction of any Socialist who reads "The Unity Front Manifesto of the Socialist League, the Communist Party, and the I.L.P.," is that it should have been issued by the Labour Party itself. This does not imply agreement with everything the Manifesto says, only that it embodies the ideas that most Socialists want to see put forward just now and to which they would respond if they were put forward by the official leaders of the Party. Here, at any rate, the younger generation must feel, is a grouping of the Left, that is trying to do something about the really vital questions of the hour—the Fascist aggression in Spain, rearmament, pooled security, and the struggle on the home front to displace the "National" Government and set up a Government of the Left in its place.

The Labour Executive very naturally objects to dissensions in the ranks. But unity is only possible in a progressive movement if it is energetically led. A Conservative Party may drift along comfortably enough with no particular leadership. But the members of a progressive party have joined it just because they want to change things, and they will only prove obedient if they have confidence in their official leaders. It is therefore no good for Transport House and the Executive to imagine that they can cure dissension by heresy hunting. They can only cure it by actions and utterances which would make "unity manifestos" look unnecessary and silly. Instead they seem far too ready to solve disunity by losing the services of people who show drive or initiative. To-day the two Labour Party speakers who can be relied upon anywhere to attract huge audiences are George Lansbury and Sir Stafford Cripps. We do not agree with Mr. Lansbury's form of pacifism, or always with Sir Stafford Cripps about Socialist policy. But what is to become of a movement which, having rightly shed one set of leaders who have turned into open reactionaries, is now busy shedding or threatening to shed anyone who will not obediently sit down and do nothing at the orders of Transport House?

It was bad enough when George Lansbury in effect vanished from his leading position in the party to which he had devoted his life, though his going was, in part at least, of his own choosing. But if now Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Brailsford, Professor Laski and anyone else who dares to associate himself with the demand for working-class unity are to be driven out, how long will it be possible for any Socialist to remain? We adjure the Labour Party leaders to stop before they proceed farther upon a course which can only wreck all hopes of the Socialism in which they profess to believe, and all prospect of a Government that will stand firmly in support of the real cause of democracy at the present conjuncture of world affairs. What is to happen if, as Mr. Greenwood has already threatened, Sir Stafford Cripps and those who support the United Front are to be driven out? Do the Transport House leaders realise what this will mean in the country—in the constituencies which they are presumably eager to win? Do they realise that a very large proportion of those who work hardest for the Labour cause up and down the country want the United Front, and that a great many of them are already doing their best to operate it locally in relation to particular issues, such as Spanish Democratic Defence and the campaign for peace and against Fascist aggression? Do they want to drive these active workers out of their ranks—some no doubt into the Communist Party, but far more to sulk in their tents and stop working for any political party at all?

If this is what Transport House achieves, it will avail it nothing to be buttered with laudatory leading articles in the *Times*; the people who will most loudly praise it for its devotion to the cause of democracy will be those who have no belief in democracy themselves, or who interpret democracy as including anything that leaves things pretty much as they are. Leading articles in the *Times* will not help Labour to win elections. If Mr. Morrison loses the L.C.C. election, will Transport House be blameless? If the Government feels that it can go ahead with its policy of surrender to Fascist aggression, because there will be no effective nation-wide agitation against that policy, that will certainly be Transport House's doing. Instead of giving the country a lead, Transport House must needs play Giant the Jack-killer with the few thousand Communists and the many thousands more who are not Communists, but ardently wish to see Great Britain defending democracy instead of running wretchedly away.

This criticism of official Labour does not imply that we agree with the tactics which the Socialist League, in common with the Communist Party and the I.L.P., have chosen to adopt. On the contrary, they would have been wiser in our view to make their United Front and conduct their united campaign, without making a song about it. Their Manifesto, and the way in which it has been prepared, has undoubtedly given the pundits a handle against them. It would have been better to hold their joint demonstrations, and conduct their joint campaign—we agree that both these things need doing—without issuing any challenge, and so to leave the Labour Party to move against them if it dared. But it is done now; and the whole Labour movement has to face up to the crisis which is upon it.

It cannot even be said that the Labour Party Executive is fighting on high, if mistaken, grounds of principle. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, who is now threatening the expulsion of Sir Stafford Cripps, is himself President of an organisation, affiliated to the Labour Party, which not only co-operates with Communists, but has many Communists among its members. The University Labour Federation, over which Mr. Greenwood presides, decided some time ago to put the United Front into practice, and in all the leading Universities Communists and Labour Party supporters belong to the same club, and share mutually affiliation to the Labour Party. Mr. Attlee and other members of the Executive have very properly on special issues spoken on the same platform with Communists. There is no question of principle involved. The Labour Party ignores joint work with Communists when it wants to and is under no obligation to aid the Communist Party by driving young Socialists into its ranks.

As for the Manifesto itself, we presume that the Labour Party leaders, like ourselves, agree with most of it. If not, for what do they stand, save the hope of another period of office during which they will be again content

to accomplish nothing? Of course, they must agree with most of its concrete proposals; but they probably disagree wholeheartedly with its tone. For the manifestants proclaim: "Let the movement not wait for General Elections, but now by active demonstration win and organise support for ——" a dozen points which it puts forward as an immediate programme. But precisely what the Labour Party Executive does seem to want is to "wait for General Elections"—though the next General Election may not come for nearly four years, and heaven knows where the world may be long before then. There are moments when it is criminal for democrats to wait for General Elections—moments when the fate of democracy is hanging in the balance. But the Labour Party seems only half aware that this opportunity is here and now, that the battle it is supposed to be fighting has began in Spain. Instead, it wastes its thunder on a few thousand British Communists for all the world as if it wished to rally the British people behind Hitler's anti-Bolshevik crusade.

What a tragedy it is! The Labour Party is the mass political organisation of the workers; and without its leadership the forces of the Left are helpless in face of reaction. A "United Front" of the Socialist League and its two allies cannot be a United Front in any real sense—even of the Left. There can be no genuine United Front without the Labour Party and the Trade Union and Co-operative movements. Most of the members of these bodies, we feel sure, want unity of the Left forces in this country, and any test of Labour opinion in the constituencies would reveal general dismay at the prospect of depleting the ranks by the loss of some of their most popular and hard-working members. And if the Executive strikes where is it to stop? If it throws out Sir Stafford Cripps, Professor Laski and Mr. Brailsford, they will not go alone and with them we may expect soon to see cut off from the Party a large proportion of the younger members not only of the Socialist League, but also of the University Labour Federation, the Labour League of Youth and a number of Local Labour Parties which now support the united front idea.

We hope that the Labour Party Executive will think again before it takes advantage of the mistaken tactics of the Socialist League. To exploit this situation is to split the Party, and, though the numbers who go with the Left may at first seem small, the result of such a split will be disastrous to the whole working-class movement. The loss of numbers will be less important than the loss of vitality. German Social Democracy ceased to appeal to the young, cautiously followed in the wake of its Conservative opponents and finally dried up into a party incapable of inspiring enthusiasm in resisting Fascism. It is not yet too late for the British Labour Party to avoid that fate, but the danger is real. In the face of the growing menace of international Fascism, the old idealogical cleavages of opinion between this or that Socialist International are today largely irrelevant. The one paramount necessity is to secure, for immediate common purposes, an effective unity of the Left. In command of a United Front's biggest battalions the Labour Party Executive would have a greater opportunity to direct the strategy of a really comprehensive Socialist movement. It would be tragic to throw it away.

AS FRANCE SEES IT

THE 11th of January was a memorable day in the recent history of France. At the New Year reception of the Diplomatic Corps in Berlin Hitler took M. François-Poncet, the French Ambassador, aside, and said to him, with the most amiable smile, that there were no German "troops" in Morocco, and that Germany had no designs on the Spanish zone. Taking the Ambassador's arm, Herr Hitler added that he was greatly looking forward to Germany's participation in the International Exhibition in Paris this summer. It was the first diplomatic climb-down in the record of the Hitler Government. What was the cause of it?

During the previous week reports of an alarming nature were reaching Paris, not only about the growing intensity of German "economic" and propagandist activifies in the Spanish zone, but also about the preparations that were being made there to receive a large number of German soldiers. Some of the reports were, no doubt, exaggerated; in particular, the report that Ceuta was being fortified with modern, heavy guns seems to have been unfounded. But the alarm caused in Paris was nevertheless justified. The special correspondent of the *Times*, who has investigated the situation on the spot, has since reported that there are a great number of Germans dressed up as Spanish legionaries in the zone; that they are in control of the principal air centres, and that Melilla is virtually a German naval base. If the French allegations concerning a possible landing of a German force in Spain had been baseless, would Herr Hitler have been so amiable and apologetic? As a piece of preventive tactics, the French move, which consisted in telling Germany—and the phrase was actually used in the course of diplomatic conversation—that any German troops that landed in Spanish Morocco would be "chucked out" by the French, had the desired effect. So also had the announcement on January 8th that M. Daladier, the War Minister, was about to leave for Rabat, and the stern warning given by General Noguès, the French High Commissioner in Morocco, to the Spanish Rebel authorities in the zone. On the following Monday a prominent Frenchman said to me: "*Pour la première fois nous nous sommes décidés à dire merde à Hitler; pour la première fois il a compris le français.*" It is going to have a far-reaching moral effect in France itself. The unanimous reaction of French public opinion to this German threat to French North Africa was enormously impressive, and confirmed the view expressed by Herriot in his speech to the Chamber that week:

> Let no one speculate on France's internal differences, and let it not be supposed that the battle of ideas inside France is a sign of weakness. Even in a great storm only a few yards below the surface of the sea are agitated; in the same way our conflicts do not affect the profound unity of our people.

This is even truer to-day than it has been for some years past.

No doubt the "problem" of Morocco has not been finally cleared out of the way; and there are many who say (and the *Times* report rather confirms their view) that Hitler's "climb-down" may actually help Germany to continue her penetration of the Spanish zone by "peaceful" means. Many Frenchmen in Morocco are sorry, in a way, that the French Government should not have waited until Germany, by landing her troops in Morocco, had given the French an opportunity for "chucking them out"—as well as the "economic experts" and other legionaries. Once the Spanish war is over (they say) the zone could, subject to the necessary guarantees, be restored to the lawful Government of Spain—whatever that Government.

The Blum Government, however, preferred the preventive method. Even so, the revelation of France's national unity on that occasion may make the trouble-makers think twice before they launch on any new adventure directly affecting France's interests.

No less impressive was the unanimous vote of the Chamber

last Friday approving the Bill for the prohibition of volunteers in Spain. It showed that France was unanimously in favour of non-intervention, but that she was equally determined not to repeat the mistake made by herself in August, and by Britain much more recently, of enforcing non-intervention unilaterally—and of so playing into the hands of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini. French volunteers will be prevented from going to Spain, but not before the Fascist Powers agree to stop sending troops. There is, of course, a vast distinction between these troops and the French volunteers; for at no time has the French Government encouraged recruiting, either directly or indirectly; but, even so, French opinion would have rebelled against anything so cowardly as a unilateral prohibition. M. Vallat and M. Desbons, both members of the Right, proposed that the penalties in the Bill should apply to any Frenchman now fighting in Spain who had not returned to France within a month after the enforcement of the law. They were obviously anxious to embarrass the Government; for it was somehow assumed—especially by the Germans, who had insisted in their Note upon the withdrawal of all volunteers from Spain—that the French Government would declare itself unable to influence people already fighting in Spain. Careful not to play into the hands of Germany, Blum skilfully avoided the trap, and said that he did not reject the proposal in advance; but asked that the prohibition of new volunteers be agreed upon first—which was what the British Government had proposed.

In short, France has taken all the necessary steps to enforce non-intervention from the moment the other Powers agree to it. Only, as Blum clearly indicated, he did not believe that real non-intervention could be achieved without international control. As far as France was concerned, he said, her entire territory would be thrown open to the international control commission. Would the others agree to the same measures?

That is the whole point. Little good is expected to come from the Göring-Mussolini meeting. As I write, Germany and Italy have not yet replied to the British appeal of January 10th, and there are no illusions in France about the helpfulness of the reply when it does come. A high authority whom I saw the other day was fully convinced that the time had come when France and Britain must make up their minds whether non-intervention should, or should not, be persisted in. If they felt that non-intervention was essential to the peace of Europe, they must no longer hesitate to enforce it by means of a Franco-British naval control of the Spanish and, if necessary, Portuguese coasts, and by means of an international control of the Franco-Spanish frontier. The risks of such an operation, he said, were small; for neither Italy nor Germany would go to war; but if intervention continued, the danger of war would become enormous. I gather that the proposal was carefully examined in high quarters in London, and that at least one or two Ministers considered favourably an alternative proposal, namely, a purely British naval control (preferably with, but, if necessary, without the consent of the other Powers); for they felt that the presence of French ships would act as a "provocation" to Germany and Italy, and so increase the risk of "incidents." Unfortunately, the suggestion was turned down by the majority of the Cabinet, and since then we have been treated to such constructive and statesmanlike utterances as Mr. Douglas Hacking's speech at Belfast on Friday:

> The duty of the National Government is plain. It is to keep clear of other people's troubles and quarrels and to maintain a policy of non-intervention, *trying to persuade other Powers to follow our example.*

"Trying to persuade" is good! At the same time, there is a growing conviction in France that certain members of the British Government care, at heart, very little about non-intervention, and would like to see Franco win as quickly as possible. Why, it is asked here, was the problem of non-intervention left out of the Anglo-Italian gentlemen's agreement? Since Mussolini was visibly anxious to negotiate the agreement, why could he not be got to behave in a gentlemanly way about non-intervention? Britain had clearly an opportunity of striking a bargain—why did she miss it? It was no good complaining afterwards that by sending 5,000 men to Cadiz on the very day of the agreement Italy had violated its "spirit." The Italians, actually, not only deny that it was a violation of the agreement, but they clearly insinuate to anyone who cares to listen to them that certain members of the British Government are, on the quiet, very grateful to Mussolini for not leaving Franco to the exclusive care of the Germans. "For the British Ministers know," a semi-official Italian spokesman told me, "that in the long run it is less troublesome and dangerous to have us in Spain and around the Mediterranean than the Germans." Unlike many Frenchmen, I find it hard to believe that the British Government has given Italy such encouragement, either direct or indirect. But it seems certain that the Italians are speculating on the weakness and indecision of Britain; and their speculation may not be unsuccessful. Some very curious reports have come from Rome, in connection with the Göring-Mussolini talks, to the effect that Italy and Germany would like to draw Britain into a three-Power "gentlemen's agreement"; and the "gentlemanly" scheme to be proposed to Britain is that Franco should be helped to set up a "liberal" Government in Spain; its "liberalism" being no doubt a sop to British opinion. The story may be untrue; but, coming from Rome, it points to the lines along which German and Italian minds are working, and to the high opinion they hold of Britain's Spanish policy.

So, in spite of the undeniable success of her Moroccan move, France is not optimistic about the future of non-intervention. A strong stand by Britain would make all the difference in the world; but Britain will not take such a stand, and it is doubtful whether France will act independently to enforce non-intervention. It is felt in French Left quarters that even the British Left is singularly undecided about Spain.

"If control is rejected," Blum said, last Friday, "we shall have to look at the whole Spanish problem in a new light." What this probably means is that even if France cannot enforce non-intervention alone, she may be obliged, as a matter of elementary self-protection, to occupy the Spanish zone of Morocco. The outcry in the Italian and German press against France's "imperialist designs"—an outcry which has already had its effect in England—is highly significant. An obvious attempt is being made to prevent France (which always cares about British opinion) from acting as she may have to act when everything else fails.

In the meantime there is much talk of economic "concessions" that France may make to Germany. Blum has, all along, advocated closer economic and financial co-operation with all countries; but the German economic problem is clearly not a Franco-German problem alone, but a much wider one; nor can it be treated independently of Germany's purely artificial monetary regime; and the question arises whether Germany will be prepared to abandon self-sufficiency, which, to all appearances, is inseparable from her political system. Lastly, the question of raw materials, as M. Mistler, the President of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber recently said, is one of confidence:

> If Germany wants raw materials to feed her people, well and good; if she wants to speed up her rearmament, it's a different matter.

And, as Gabriel Péri warned the Government in the debate on Spain, with a neat simile drawn from the Lindbergh case:

> Keep Spain and "economic concessions" distinct. There is nothing more dangerous than to pay ransom to gangsters without even being sure that peace will be restored to us alive.

At the same time, more genuine concern is felt about German designs on Czechoslovakia than at any time before. A few months ago there was strong reason to doubt France's readiness to help Czechoslovakia; to-day France would almost inevitably go to war. The Spanish affair has convinced the French people that "localised" wars are a dangerous delusion. Nobody in France believes any longer

that, after swallowing Czechoslovakia, Germany will become a quiet and respectable neighbour. May Herr Hitler be again impressed!

ALEXANDER WERTH.

Paris, January 19th.

A LONDON DIARY

MR. WELLS, I am glad to see, has published the lecture which he recently delivered to the Royal Institution of Great Britain, under the title *The Idea of a World Encyclopaedia* (Hogarth Press, 1s.). He wants the scientists and all the experts who know things to get together and produce the greatest encyclopædia that the world has ever known, a world encyclopaedia, perpetually kept up to date, which would make available for those people who have to do things and get things done (and for many others, including the learners and teachers) the enormous mass of knowledge which at present is unused and unusable. That there is danger of the world staggering into a new kind of pseudo-scientific barbarism, few intelligent people would deny. Mr. Wells believes that this is due to the immense gap between the best thought and knowledge, at present unassembled and unexploited, and the ideas and acts of practical men. "We live," he says, "in a world of unused and misapplied knowledge and skill." When one remembers the lunatic or clownish methods by which the Allied statesmen dealt with the reparations question, or the world's Governments have dealt with unemployment and the prevention of war, or our own Government to-day is dealing with the problem of preventing mass murder on the roads, and one compares them with the way in which an ordinary mechanic tackles the intricate machinery of a car which will not go or of a wireless set which is dumb, one has to agree with Mr. Wells. A good deal of our misfortunes is, no doubt, due to our stupidity, but more is due to our ignorance. The knowledge of what would happen if you tried to extract billions from Germany existed; the knowledge of how to prevent the worst kind of slump and the most devastating unemployment, the knowledge of what kind of international system is required if there is to be some probability of a stable peace, the knowledge of what kinds of roads and traffic regulations are necessary if vehicles are allowed to travel at sixty miles an hour—all this knowledge does probably really exist. But the people who actually have to deal with these problems—the newspaper proprietors, editors, politicians, statesmen—have not, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the ghost of a glimmer of a suspicion that it exists. Even if they had, it is doubtful whether the knowledge exists in a form available for the "practical" man. Mr. Wells's encyclopaedia would at least make it available, and so might do for the twentieth century on a colossal scale what Diderot tried to do for the eighteenth.

* * *

Mr. Wells in passing refers to a subject which has been exercising my mind a good deal lately. Scientists, specialists, and intellectuals, appalled at the growing political chaos in the world, are uneasily seeking some way in which they can help to put it right. They sign protests and manifestos, they join organisations for the promotion of this or the liquidation of that, they even band themselves together in professional organisations for some political purpose. Mr. Connolly was really referring to the same phenomenon last week when he noticed that his contemporaries at Oxford took no interest in politics, but had all now become "politically minded entirely." Mr. Wells is against the direct action in politics of specialists, artists and specialised thinkers and workers, and I am inclined to agree with him, certainly as regards the sectionalised activities of these persons. The pullulations of their societies and associations in the last year or two has been bewildering and terrifying. I could almost keep a full-time secretary employed answering their requests to sign manifestos, protests, letters to the newspapers; to join their societies for defending culture, for protecting liberty, for promoting war, for resisting war, for academic freedom, for peace, for civil liberties; to subscribe to all these objects. I have the greatest sympathy for most of their objects, and, of course, some of them do a great deal of good, but I am becoming more and more doubtful of sectionalised and fissiparous methods of organising for political action. The right place for the politically minded physicist, artist or intellectual to act politically is in a political party, not in a special society of physicists, artists or intellectuals. And the questions they expect me to answer! For instance, the British section of an international society of members of my profession, organised for political purposes (to which I do not belong) has just sent me a questionnaire, consisting of three questions. They tell me that if I answer the questions it will help them to find out what English writers think "of the reading public and of the special problems that society presents to them, as writers, to-day." They ask me (1) for whom I write; (2) whether I think that the writer suffers as an artist when he becomes active in politics; (3) whether any social setting appears to me ideal for literary creation, e.g., Athenian, monastic, Medicean, contemporary English, collectivist, anarchical or another. It seems to me that my answers to this questionnaire would throw about as much light on the special problems that society presents as a much older type of questionnaire which began: "What is your favourite name: (*a*) female; (*b*) male?"

* * *

Two remarkable men have just died—Sir Frederick Pollock and Professor Henry Tonks. Profoundly different in many ways, they were alike in this, that each was a little forbidding at first sight, and each had absorbed to the full the broad, leisured, deep-seated culture of the Victorian age at its best. My memories of Sir Frederick bring back an austere, angular figure, which always reminded me of a rather gaunt bird, with head slightly sunk below its shoulders, standing on one leg watching at the water's edge. He never seemed altogether at his ease; he never looked you in the face, but addressed his remarks, jerked out in a curiously dry and precise manner and with a little hiss of indrawn breath, to a particular spot on the floor. That floor was often the floor of a room where you would least expect to meet him. The very last time I met him was on the stage at Sadler's Wells, surrounded by actors and actresses, at an evening party to which he had come, though he was then nearly ninety. His extraordinary versatility took him everywhere. He fenced; he climbed; he danced; he cycled; he seemed to have time and taste for every diversion and sport as well as for long hours in his chambers and study. His reading must have been vast, his power of sorting and storing it prodigious. To put him a question was like setting in motion a machine as large and elaborate as the London telephone exchanges, which delivered to you an answer so much in excess of what your question merited that you were aghast at your own temerity. Most of his friends must at some time or other have been flattered to find that Sir Frederick had not only read their works, but had annotated and corrected them—a letter would come full of facts and a certain dry, peculiar humour. Age seemed to have no power over his light, angular body which, though stiff, appeared to be indomitable. Not so very long ago, when he was over eighty, a cyclist, about one-eighth of his age, had the temerity to collide with him and knock him down. Sir Frederick picked himself up unhurt; the cyclist was severely injured. When one considers all that he did in his ninety-one years—how he collaborated in an epoch-making work with Maitland, tramped and climbed with Leslie Stephen, wrote verses, edited law books, as well as trifling with Persian, Arabic, Norman French, and *belles lettres*—one can only hold up one's hands in amazement and wonder of what material these now almost extinct Victorians were made. At any rate, something tougher than that of our cyclists.

* * *

Tonks was a very different figure, of course, though he too was austere of aspect, long, lean and bony. But one had only to sit beside him for half an hour and his austerity vanished. The clouds parted on the mountain top and the

grim, alp-like man was changed into a humorous, chivalrous, eccentric, and lovable companion. He had his prejudices and foibles. He did not hold with some of the modern artistic theories, and he said so outspokenly and caustically. But his views were always his own and singularly untainted with any personal pettiness. In a world of noise and neurosis he went his own way without hesitation or hurry. He looked sometimes as though it was his great height which was enabling him to see above the fog which was enveloping us smaller fry. Yet he was not aloof; he had a strong and very personal vein of humour, which showed itself in the caricatures with which he delighted his friends and in his comments upon those friends' characters. Upon the perpetually fascinating subject of George Moore he was both illuminating and delightful. He had a fine taste in books, pictures, claret, and men and women. He loved Shakespeare and Rubens and was induced late in life to extend his reading to Proust. So many-sided and so clear cut, he exercised an extraordinary influence upon people, whether they came to him to be taught or merely for the pleasure of his company.

* * *

When one returns to London after a few weeks in the country, one is amazed every time by the difference between the life here and the life there. Mr. Woolf said the other day in these columns that he doubted whether England has changed very much since the days of Elizabeth. That is not true of London or its life; our builders are rapidly making it indistinguishable from any other large-scale, standardised modern town, and the tempo of its life is simply jazz. But I think it is true of small country towns and villages. Here is a curious example of how closely in the village we live to the time of Elizabeth. I have lived off and on in a certain village for the last twenty years or so, and the local Labour Party meets monthly in my house. When the business is over, we usually get down to the real business of the evening, village gossip. The other night, after condemning unanimously the iniquity of a newcomer to the village who, it was discovered, feeds the mice and rats instead of killing them, we got into a discussion about a certain path. One of the farm workers referred to it as "Princess Gap," a name I had never heard although, as I say, I have lived there nearly twenty years. I asked him whether that was the name of the path. He said that it was, and that it was called "Princess Gap" because Princess Elizabeth—"she as became Queen"—stayed in a house in the next-door garden and took her walks along the path which leads from the church to the Roman road, Ermine Street. Of the house nothing remains but the foundations beneath the grass and a cellar, but Princess Elizabeth in our village, as you see, is not the daughter of George VI but the daughter of Henry VIII.

HYPOCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. J. B. W. Wilkinson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

"Keep free of European entanglements" is the cry of British golfers opposing the formation of a Federation of European Golf Unions.—*Evening Standard.*

People living in the Central Ward of Merton and Morden Council's area objected to having their letters addressed as "Morden, Surrey." They felt that their correspondents might suppose they were living on the large L.C.C. estate near by.—*Evening News.*

The British Empire Union has for years taken exception to the Socialist and Communist tendencies of the B.B.C.

As *The Daily Mail* and its correspondents rightly say, Red propaganda is carried on so cunningly that it appears innocuous—often done only by implication and modulation of the voice.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

One of my own ideas is to persuade hostesses to give "gas mask teas," at which we will demonstrate how the masks are worn and adjusted.—*Evening Standard.*

Serious-minded King George VI has many qualities to endear him to the people.

He is a better boxer than was Edward VIII, plays a stronger game of tennis—though he is left-handed with the racquet—enjoys grouse shooting and has a mechanical bent.—*News Review.*

Not the least important reason for retaining bright coats in the hunting field is that the wearing of them signifies a feeling of respect towards the farmers and small holders over whose land the hunt rides.—*The Farmer and Stock-Breeder.*

Margate Town Council has decided not to use "13" for the numbering of houses. It had already been noticed that ladies who use "13" bathing-machines seldom come out well in the photograph.—*Observer.*

Great care is necessary in the selection of the policeman lecturer. His personality must be unusual. He must be cheerful and capable of telling a good story. He should also be able to play the piano, and lead in the singing of the "Safety First Anthem."—*Daily Telegraph.*

At the national festivals [in Spain] one is struck by the comely peasant girls, in all the bravery of their native finery, and the clean-looking stalwart lads dancing with them, and one realises that here is first-class material for citizenship or cannon-fodder, but not for Bolshevism.—Letter in *Morning Post.*

Surely, with the many advantages of the splendid secondary schools in our city, there should be at least one school where we can send our sons and daughters without having them come into contact with the product of the council school—a school for the boy who will eventually take over his father's higher social position. . . . Let the council school boy graduate, if he has the brains, through the secondary and continuation schools and the various council evening classes, but leave us one selective school where we can send our boys without fear of contamination and a lowering of the prestige of the family.—Letter in *Birmingham Post.*

THE WELSH FIRE TRIAL

[Three Welshmen, a University Lecturer, a Baptist Minister and a schoolmaster, received sentences of nine months in the second division at the Old Bailey last Tuesday, on a charge of having set fire to a R.A.F. bombing camp in North Wales. This article gives the background of this affair from the point of view of Welsh nationalism.—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

THE majority of English people, who thought of Welsh nationality, if they thought of it at all, as an affair of choral competitions, business men and politicians dressed up to represent druids, a picturesque localism aimed chiefly at the tourist traffic, must have been mildly surprised when they read that three leaders of the Welsh Nationalist movement had burned a government bombing-school in process of building near Pwllheli, in the Llyn Peninsula. Hitherto, Welsh Nationalism has never had much attention in the newspapers. It represents no vested interests; it has no great money backing. It lies out of the main stream of political events. In that is its strength, and its importance, not merely for Wales, but for England as well.

The silent resistance of the Welsh people to the process of Anglicisation over a period of several hundred years, the astonishing endurance of a language whose speedy end Matthew Arnold foretold a hundred years ago, have always been accepted as a phenomenon, and left at that. It was odd that the Welsh should be more of a nation than the Irish, in spite of all the hubbub across the water, and the peace and quietness on this side of it. But this Welsh nationality seemed harmless enough to England, so why interfere with it? Of course, the language was occasionally a nuisance, but it wouldn't last much longer; the nation of commercial travellers would see to that. No

English politician ever ventured to object to so mild and unobtrusive a nationalism as the Welsh, a "cultural" nationalism which was content with literature and song, and left power and profit to the rulers of Wales who sat in London and did not know that Welsh literature was among the foremost in Europe.

Until a few years ago this unexceptionable form of nationalism was the only nationalism which had any sort of a following in Wales. But to-day the position is altered. Political ideas have begun to penetrate those quarters which were formerly most unpolitical, but at the same time chiefly instrumental in preserving the Welsh language and traditions; above all, the Welsh ministry. How has this change come about?

Since the War the attacks of Anglicisation on Wales have grown tenfold; the aggressive uniformity of the modern world is penetrating Wales as it is penetrating everywhere else. The process is a familiar one: the young people forget their native language and speak American; a deep traditional culture, which has survived for fourteen hundred years, loses all authority and coherence, becomes a mere picturesque survival, a thing to play at, material perhaps for some feature film. And although even now, in the remote parts of Wales, a farmer will discuss poetry with the beggar who calls at his door, the time grows short; at the present rate of decay, the Welsh tradition cannot survive, as a living thing, for more than a generation or two. That is why the best intellects in Welsh-speaking Wales have begun to realise that they will have to do something more than sing, if they want to save their language and culture. In the future, Welsh nationality is bound to express itself more and more politically. Already a considerable proportion of the Welsh people has expressed its detestation of the bombing-school in Llyn, the burning of which was the first act of violence which has been committed for centuries against the English Government in Wales. For the establishment of this bombing-school is a crying example to the Welsh of what English rule can mean.

The Government's plans of rearmament involved the placing of aerodromes in certain strategic parts of England and Wales without any particular reference to the wishes of the inhabitants. Presumably someone at the Air Ministry drew a line on the map from Bristol to Liverpool, and it was found that Wales was an obvious choice for air-bases, being remote from attacks from the Continent, and convenient for attacks on the Irish Free State, if it ever proved necessary to make them. The Government is engaged at present in constructing no less than five new military establishments in Wales. Valuable agricultural land (none too common in Wales) is being used for military purposes. As the Welsh Nationalists say: "The English Government is using our pantries to store its infernal machines."

The Llyn Peninsula is and always has been a purely Welsh-speaking district. It is the centre of the purest Welsh idiom and the purest Welsh traditions. The proposal to establish a bombing-school in the very centre of this district was no doubt made in ignorance that the school, once established, would infallibly destroy this innermost circle of Welsh nationality. But as soon as the proposal was known, Welsh people began to make protests, to hold meetings, to sign petitions to the Prime Minister, all entirely without effect. It is estimated that half a million Welsh people, including incidentally practically the whole adult population of Llyn itself, indicated in some way or other their disapproval. But the Prime Minister refused to receive a deputation which consisted of some of the most prominent men in Wales. The Government disregarded the whole thing. In June, 1936, work was begun on the bombing-school.

Protests against bombing-schools in certain parts of England have also been made. A proposed bombing-range in Dorset was opposed by English literary men who wrote to the newspapers pointing out that the site was a famous breeding-place for swans. Defence of swans was only partially successful, but the site of a range on Holy Island was changed on the plea that Holy Island has not merely important historic associations but is the most important home of wild geese in England. The Government, which was ready to change its plans for the sake of geese, would not budge an inch in order to preserve a nation. Shortly after this became clear, the bombing-school in Llyn was removed forcibly.

It is significant, in a way, that the first act of violence to be committed by the Welsh Nationalists should have been dictated largely by cultural considerations (though this sowing of warlike preparations indiscriminately through Wales has its economic aspects as well). The Welsh Nationalist leaders, like the early leaders of Irish nationalism, were poets before they were politicians. They are not, perhaps, the worse politicians for that. But having become politicians, they show that they intend to be serious ones. They know perfectly well that they cannot hope to obtain the support of the denationalised and practically dehumanised victims of English industrialism in South Wales by talking about Welsh or any other culture. So they talk practical economics.

This is not to deny that a great deal of nonsense and extravagance is found among Welsh Nationalists, notably those who would extirpate the English language altogether, and who attribute everything, even the physical configuration of Wales, to English misrule. To talk of "English oppression" in Wales is obviously ludicrous. But on the other hand there are forms of interference as bad as oppression: the persistent warping and cramping of a small nation's life by an alien bureaucracy which perhaps does not even know of the existence of the nation in question. It certainly seems to be the settled policy of the British Government to treat the Welsh nation as non-existent in all practical affairs.

The Welsh Nationalist party certainly has a long way to go before it can command a majority or even a fair proportion of opinion in Wales. But the Nationalist issue is coming gradually to the front even in the traditional Socialist areas of the South. One finds a demand for some form of Home Rule among the most practical people. And the Welsh Nationalist leaders, as though rebutting by anticipation the obvious accusations of day-dreaming and sentimentality, have devoted much energy to the working out of economic problems. One may mention such pamphlets as D. J. Davies's *Economics of Welsh Self-Government*, or Saunders Lewis's *Local Authorities and Welsh Industry*. To the Nationalists, Home Rule means the right of Wales to manage her own economy, for instance to redress the unhealthy predominance of the decaying "heavy" industries over agriculture, to improve the internal communications of Wales (at present all the main lines of road and railway in Wales lead to England, and communication between the different parts of Wales is extremely inadequate), and to introduce a system of land purchase on the Irish model.

Sooner or later the general dissatisfaction with the control of Wales from London is bound to express itself through the Nationalist Party. It is not likely to be removed by the creation of a Secretary of State for Wales, by which control from London would be left intact, and nothing gained but an empty form. Whatever else they may be, the Welsh are not fools.

MICHAEL NATHAN

OUR LEGAL OBLIGATIONS TO THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT

IN the course of last Wednesday's debate on the international situation, Mr. Eden, in justifying the use of the Foreign Enlistment Act, spoke of persons who had been recruited by the offer of large sums of money. He was interrupted by a Member, who pointed out that the persons so recruited had been for General Franco's force. The Foreign Secretary thereupon said: "It does not matter for whom it is; it is wrong that a system of this kind should be employed."

It is, of course, possible that Mr. Eden spoke without thinking and that his words do not represent part of the legal

opinion which he had told the House had been given on the matter by the Attorney-General.

If this is so, it is unfortunate that he took no opportunity of correcting his mistake and the debate proceeded upon the assumption that the Government had been advised that in law there was no difference between aid given to the legitimate Government and to the rebels.

"International law," says a resolution of the Institute of International Law, "imposes upon third powers, in the case of insurrection or civil war, certain obligations towards established and recognised Governments dealing with the insurrection." The resolution goes on to define in detail what these obligations are. Third powers must do nothing to hinder the measures taken by the legitimate Government to restore order nor must they supply the insurgents with arms or subsidies. Especially is it forbidden ("Spécialement interdit," are the actual words used in the resolution) for any third power to allow in its territory any military expedition to be organised against an established and recognised Government.

Since the Non-intervention agreement cannot in any way affect the legal obligations of the British Government towards the legitimate Spanish Government, the duties of the British Government under public international law are clear. Far from being under any obligation under international law to prevent recruiting on the Spanish Government's side, they are, in the words of the resolution of the Institute, "bound, when at peace with an independent nation, not to interfere with the measures taken by that nation for the re-establishment of internal order." This does not, of course, mean that international law requires any State to allow its subjects to join the forces of a nation struggling with an insurrection, it merely shows that in international law there is no duty imposed on any nation to prevent its nationals from joining the Government forces. Whether a country does or does not do so is a purely domestic matter.

On the other hand, international law imposes a strict obligation on every country to prevent the organisation of hostile expeditions against another State within its territory. Under international law, therefore, the British Government are bound by the duty they owe to the recognised Spanish Government to enforce strictly the Foreign Enlistment Act against the recruiting of rebel volunteers.

A study of Mr. Eden's speech fails to show that he was aware of this vital distinction. According to the Foreign Secretary, the sole reason for the Government's action was that agents had been sent to this country (by whom it was not made clear) to recruit persons for service in Spain by the offer of large sums of money or by other undesirable means. It was, in fact, only when this was brought to their notice that the Government inquired from the law officers the legal position.

On the face of it, this is a confession that the British Government failed to realise their obligations under international law towards the Spanish Government. To take only one instance, previously mentioned in this column. It is common knowledge that General O'Duffy, an Irish citizen, organised within the Irish Free State a military expedition against the legitimate Government in Spain. To allow this to occur was clearly a breach of the duty the Free State Government owed the Spanish Government. The Foreign Enlistment Act applies to the Irish Free State. If the British Government believe all sections of the Act apply in the present circumstances, in the previous similar circumstances in Ireland the Act must also have applied, and surely it was their duty to point this out to the Irish authorities. In any event, it was clearly the duty of the British Government to examine the Act when General O'Duffy and the leaders of his force arrived in Liverpool with the intention of thus using English territory as a base for an expedition against a friendly power.

Nowhere in the speeches of Mr. Eden or of the Under-Secretary, Lord Cranbourne, is it suggested that the Act was called to the Government's attention at this time. It is only fair to the Law Officers of the Crown that if they did so advise the earliest opportunity should be taken of stating that they had called the Cabinet's attention to England's obligations under international law. Otherwise it is difficult to give any weight to the opinion of the Attorney-General on the meaning of the Act itself, if it is true, as appears at the moment, that he did not appreciate the one occasion when international law called for its application.

BARRISTER

RAILWAY STATIONS I HAVE LOVED

TURNING the knob in search of a programme, I paused at Athlone on hearing it announced that they were about to broadcast the arrival of the last mail-train at Broadstone Station, in Dublin, before the station was closed down for ever. I had myself no sentimental recollections of Broadstone Station. I remembered it mainly as a station which the trains left at an unreasonably early hour in the morning. One left one's bedroom half-awake and one's hotel half-breakfasted and drove for what seemed miles through the chill morning air behind a horse that seemed even more anxious than oneself—unnervingly anxious, indeed—to reach the station in time for the train. At the station itself I never cast a glance; there was no time for anything except to clamber into one's seat. The first time I did so I found myself in a compartment with a middle-aged woman who, as soon as the train moved, produced a spirit-stove, set it on the floor and lit it, and began to boil a kettle to make herself a cup of tea. She had little paper packages of all kinds, containing bread, butter, tea, sugar, and a medicine bottle filled with milk, and, as in her fussiness she kept constantly dropping paper within inches of the flame, I felt reasonably confident that she would end by setting the train on fire. As she picked the paper up, her skirt would catch the kettle and all but overturn both kettle and spirit-stove, and I began to feel more than reasonably confident that both she and I would in the not far distant future be reduced to ashes. The very motion of the train, which every now and then gave a vicious wobble that compelled her to keep the kettle and the stove steady by main force, increased my confidence. Never have I known a small kettle take so long to boil. Never have I so longed to hear the first faint note of a kettle beginning to sing. If I could have sung myself I should have felt like joining in the singing. How good it was at last to see the kettle boiling, the tea wet, and the woman enjoying a cup of it! She did not enjoy her cup of tea, however, half so much as I did.

The last time I travelled from Broadstone Station the journey was even less serene. At Athenry a number of policemen with rifles boarded the train, and the engine-driver, as the custom then was, refused to budge an inch farther unless the policemen got out. The policemen lay back in their seats, laughing and smoking. Under the orders of the local Volunteers, the engine was then uncoupled from the rest of the train, and drove off by itself into the distance, hooting defiance. The police sat on; the rest of us got off, wondering what chance there was of ever reaching Galway. As the police remained perfectly, and not surprisingly, obstinate, the Volunteers then set about commandeering all the motor-vehicles in the town, however ancient, and putting them at our service without payment. I myself was one of the last to leave, and had to be content with a place on what must have been a springless milk-lorry put together by a mad amateur in the very first days of motor-building. As I took my place in it, I almost envied the police, marooned in their comfortable seats in the engineless train. As the lorry bumped westward, making those who were standing perform a St. Vitus's dance and those who were sitting feel that at any moment they might be shot skywards from their seats by the bucking and uneven surface of the road, most of us must have felt that the police had the laugh of us. I confess that in some ways I was enjoying myself because of the novelty of the

thing, but there were moments—volcanic, bone-shaking moments—at which I had no kindly thoughts of Broadstone Station for having set me forth on such a journey.

And yet how tenderly everybody spoke of it during the broadcast! How haunted with memories of happiness it seemed! Old servants of the railway company came into the signal-box from which the broadcast was given and spoke of the closing of the station as if for them it was the end of a world. Never again would the Galway mail arrive there in its midnight glory. Never again would a signalman give the signal that all was clear. A banquet-hall deserted—Broadstone Station would henceforth be only that to thousands for whom it had for long been associated with happiness—the happiness of the day's work, the happiness of companionship, the happiness of simply being alive on a fine day. There was a note of exile in the voices of the old railway-servants who came to the microphone to say good-bye to the station. "How do you feel about it?" an old ex-signalman of 80 was asked. "Very sad," he said, and he could say little more. They all felt very sad; a glory had departed from their earth. Then came the great moment when for the last time on this side of Paradise the Galway mail was signalled into Broadstone Station. A hush fell. We heard the rumble of the approaching train. "There she goes," cried the announcer; and we could almost see the lights in the carriages as she passed. Then there were more valedictory speeches, concluding with one from an official who addressed the station in a noble apostrophe: "Farewell, a long farewell, to all thy greatness." At that moment it was difficult not to feel that one of the world's lights had gone out.

Moved by the occasion, I could not help wondering whether I myself could be stirred by sentiment so profound over the closing of any existing railway-station. Euston has often been for me the scene of a gaol-delivery into happiness—via Holyhead, via Liverpool, and via Fleetwood—but Euston itself by its very appearance seemed to be a part of the gaol. A gloomy-fronted station with a particular fondness for making the holiday-maker set out from platform 13. And, if Euston cannot win the heart, what about King's Cross, what about Liverpool Street? Is it conceivable that, if one of these joyless stations were closed, any sane human being would give expression to a bleeding heart in the words: "Farewell, a long farewell to all thy greatness"! I doubt it. If Charing Cross station were moved south of the Thames it would not cost me a pang. I should not care if Marylebone Station were turned into a cinema. I have no sentiment about any station in London, except Matthew Arnold's Fenchurch Street.

I fancy that the only stations I could ever really love were small stations—not these roofed-in affairs smelling of some strange and unpleasant drug, but little stations open to the sun and rain—wayside stations or termini that look like wayside stations. I certainly felt a twinge of sorrow when the old Portrush station was destroyed to make room for a roofed building like any other important terminus. When I knew it first, it was bathed in sea air, with the sea excitingly visible from the platform. The engine and the engine-driver, as one walked down the platform, were a part of nature. Now everything is mechanical, hidden from the eye of day. Nor was Portrush station in those days the only beautiful station on the line. Every station at which we stopped was beautiful. How enviable the people who got out at Cullybackey seemed! How enviable the country people on the platform seemed! It is one of the curiosities of railways that if you are in the train, the people on the platform seem to be leading extraordinarily interesting lives, and, if you are on the platform, the people in the train seem to be leading extraordinarily interesting lives. It is much the same with harbours: if you are on the boat, the people remaining behind look enviable, and if you are on the quay, the people who are on the boat seem enviable. That is one reason why the young used to frequent railway-stations and quays when everybody was admitted freely. They were suffering from—or enriched by—a Ulysses complex. They were enjoying travel by proxy—which is a much better way of enjoying travel than many pleasure cruisers realise till the pleasure cruise begins.

Ruskin would surely have been surprised if he had been told that a time would come when railway-stations, like lakes and mountains, would become a part of the imaginative life of men, and when the sounding express-engine no less than the sounding cataract would rouse in them a noble delight. He would have been still more surprised if he had been told that the closing of an old railway-station would one day move men to sadness no less than the demolition of a Gothic church or the violation of a landscape. Yet how natural it is. Life is brief, and the removal of a long-tolerated equally with a long-loved landmark alters and injures the world in which we have been happier than we have deserved to be. There are, I am sure, cricket enthusiasts who would mourn over the disappearance of the eyesore gasometer outside Kennington Oval. They have got used to it, and under its shadow many a boundary has been scored by Abel and Hobbs. "Farewell, a long farewell, to all thy greatness"—so they might well apostrophise its ruins. If you have tears to shed, then spare a few of them, for Broadstone Station. Without it—for better or for worse—Dublin will never be the same again.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE UNITY MANIFESTO

SIR,—It may not come amiss that one of those who signed the recent Unity Manifesto on behalf of the Socialist League should give his personal reasons for so doing. There has been some misrepresentation of what is the purpose of the document and of the campaign it is proposed to hold in support of it. Some of the misunderstanding that has arisen in consequence could be avoided by reading the document itself.

The Unity Manifesto is an appeal for unity within the Labour Party and the Trade Unions. None of the Labour Party signatories has any wish to leave the Labour Party or to cause any of the defection or breakaways that the document itself condemns: and, if it had been an appeal for unity on any other basis, I should not have signed it. Unity of what? So far as this manifesto goes, of the working class: but those who read it with care will see that it is by no means intended to exclude unity on a wider front, based on working class unity and still unity within the Labour movement.

The true limits of the unity appealed for are the purposes for which it is intended to unite. They are limited and immediate objectives, not the programme of any party or combination of parties. Those objectives postulate a resolute opposition to the National Government: most of them are already part of the official Labour programme. So far as they go beyond it, they do so upon two matters which have not as yet been decided by a Labour Party Conference. One is pensions: the other is opposition to the rearmament programme of the National Government, upon the ground that the National Government uses armaments for imperialist and reactionary purposes.

I will not take up your space with the reasons for such opposition. They were well stated by Mr. Morrison at the Labour Party Conference at Edinburgh—a Conference which, however, neither decided for opposition nor against it. It is enough to say that I believe, as apparently Mr. Morrison believed, that such opposition on the grounds given above is essential, both on the merits of the case and because otherwise the ordinary man will find it impossible to distinguish, first between the armament policy of the National Government and of the Labour Party, next between the foreign policy (or lack of it) of the two bodies and, finally, between the two bodies themselves. Of the objectives as a whole, I say with confidence that, if a Trade Union, a local Party or any other affiliated organisation of the Labour Party had declared those as its immediate objectives, without any reference to unity of the working class, such a declaration would have been in line with Labour Party policy and with something more than that, the vast volume of intelligent, active and progressive opinion in and out of the Labour Party, up and down the country. As such, the

declaration would have attracted attention, but not, in that form, the reprisals with which we are now threatened. It is significant that a number of individuals who hold prominent positions in their Trade Unions, are among those who have already agreed to sign the manifesto. It is expected that others will express their wish to do the same.

The substantial purpose of the manifesto, then, as I see it, is unity within the Labour Party and Trade Union movement for certain limited objectives: and, in passing, it is surely no inconsiderable achievement that unity in the terms and within the limits of the manifesto should have been achieved, even so far, between bodies which have been far from united in the past. It has been so achieved because, and only because, they recognise the vital need for it at the moment.

That need constitutes my personal reason for supporting the manifesto and for taking the obvious risk involved in so doing. The basis of the Labour Party is working class unity. So far as it drives or keeps elements of the working class outside it, so far it is bound to lose strength and purpose. I would go further. So far as it fails to assimilate elements not necessarily working class but essentially sympathetic to it, it fails in strength and purpose. That power of unity and assimilation is, in practice, a test of the Party as a democratic institution; for those working class and other elements outside it will not come in or be allowed to come in, unless they are also allowed within the Party to exercise that effective pressure for their own views which is appropriate within a democratic organisation. At present the Labour Party, judged by such a test, is not succeeding: and the full measure of its failure is not merely the dissident working class parties at its door. It is failing to keep alive the enthusiasm of earlier days. Above all it is failing to win the enthusiasm of the young. In my belief it can never do so on its present undemocratic basis; for it is out of the substance and not the forms of democracy that that enthusiasm comes. It is not a case merely of some concessions by Trade Unions or their officials as regards the Constitution of the Party. The need is for more than that. The Party must face up to a reconstitution on a basis of real democracy, on a wider front, as the nation-wide Party that it should be. It must do so in a new spirit and put aside the Byzantine standards of orthodoxy that at present govern its administration. The time has come, I believe, when that need is desperately urgent and demands from those who realise it some courage and sacrifice. Unless the Party can face up to the position and meet that need, its present failure to arouse enthusiasm will continue and, slowly but surely, as befits a large organisation, it will sink into a respectable but futile senility. In its place, we shall have a "National" government, traditional in form, in substance Fascist, and committed, sooner or later, by the pressure of capitalist competition and capitalist imperialism, to a war that will be the end of any form of civilisation.

River Court, G. R. MITCHISON
Hammersmith Mall, W.6.

SIR,—I wonder if you have a little space for a word on the Popular Front Manifesto? I am a deeply convinced Socialist, but I have never joined the Labour Party (though I have often voted for it) simply because it has never commanded my allegiance. A party, to command allegiance, must show the elementary quality of "guts," and of that our present Labour Party shows no sign whatever. In Heaven's name, do they mean Socialism, or do they not? It makes one weep to see the Party being paternally commended by the *Times* for realising that capitalist democracy and the "National" Government are, after all, right, and that the idea of a People's Front for social justice and resistance to Fascism is a "foreign importation" and un-English, and would constitute a serious threat to the capitalist system. And, really, Attlee's unofficial speech in Paris on Saturday might almost have been made by Ramsay MacDonald. The Party's ecclesiastical threat of excommunication for any who pollute themselves by contact with the Popular Front heresy may prove a serious matter—for the Party. Surely to goodness not all the rank and file are Bourbons, like the leaders, having learnt nothing from the fate of Socialists in Germany and Austria, and forgotten nothing of Communist bad behaviour years ago?

There are one or two things that simply must be realised, if the workers' movement is not to be crushed. First: neither Socialists nor Communists can check Fascism alone. (A Left Popular Front in Germany in 1932 would have saved the peace of Europe.) Second: Socialist and Communist have, at least for the next stage, the same goal, because the Communist has realised, on Russian experience, that the Socialist State must come before the Communist can be evolved. Third, and very important: the Fascist threat in this country does not come from Mosley, but from a "National" Government that will win elections on its abolition of political uniforms and its defence of democracy, and in a typically English way will slowly crush liberty and progress while it pretends to stand for them.

Therefore, I welcome most heartily the manifesto signed by the Socialist League and others as a beacon of political courage and honesty. The Labour Party has been trying for too long to catch votes by pretending that it doesn't really mean Socialism, and losing them by letting it be obvious that its leaders are scared stiff of office. W. B.

Stroud.

THE WORKING CONDITIONS OF WAITERS

SIR,—I really think your waiter has written his article in rather a biased way: (1) many waiters in the West-end pay a weekly premium to the head waiter in a restaurant to be allowed to work there. (2) He does not mention what sort of a meal he got in the evening, which meal by the time the food had arrived for the ball would probably leave sufficient over for the staff to have something quite good to eat. (3) The waiter knew that he would be expected to do certain odd jobs, as he was told to report at 10 o'clock in the morning, and so knew he would not have to hang about all day in his white tie.

At the Labour Exchange a waiter good enough to be engaged for a Charity Ball can get any waiting job with the greatest of ease, and if he does not wish to earn the minimum of a pound a day including food and insurance, he can quite easily get a job that will tax his strength less. After all, although the hours were long, he had at least a comparative rest from 4 o'clock until about 9.30 at night.

In all sincerity there are many worse jobs in catering, and apart from that the writer has not mentioned some tasks which are much more irksome to a waiter than carrying a case of wine; one being to have to hang about wandering from table to table doing nothing and having nothing to do. There is no actual untruth in this article but it merely exaggerates all the bad points of a particular profession, and a similar article could easily be written about nearly every job in existence. T. A. LAYTON

"The Book," Wine Restaurant,
45 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1.

SIR,—The articles by waiter in your last two issues have done much to bring to the minds of the thinking public the appalling conditions existing in an industry showing large profits. But they both deal with specialised cases and might be regarded as exceptions rather than as the rule.

I assure you this is not so. There are waiters working in regular jobs in first-class hotels and restaurants being paid as little as 2*s.* 6*d.* weekly. The fact that a waiter might pick up twenty pounds in tips at such a place would, at least, be cheering if it were not for the *tronc system* (instituted and controlled by the management), whereby a man may put his £20 in the pool and draw out £2 10*s.* Where does all the rest go to?

The whole object of tipping is lost to-day and it is now nothing more or less than a method of making the public pay the wages of the staff; a staff whose long hours and filthy working conditions cause them to contract foot trouble and lung trouble as well as suffer from continual fatigue.

Your waiter describes the food he was given. Compared with the incessant stew, composed of the garbage of the kitchen, which incidentally few workers can eat, rather spending their meagre earnings on food, his meal was a banquet!

So far the industry, with its 420,000 employees (over 70,000 of them are unemployed), has received little publicity. With the coming of the Coronation, these people will, if possible, be worked harder and paid less than they were at the Jubilee. Therefore, I hope your articles will be the forerunners of a campaign to give these workers in an essential industry a living wage and at least humane working conditions.

36 Clare Court, NANCIE E. WHITTAKER
Judd Street, W.C.1.

CONGRESS POLICY

SIR,—After reading Mr. Edward Thompson's article in your current issue, it occurred to me, as one who was for some years active in Congress politics, that anyone not fully conversant with Indian affairs may be misled by his interesting and comprehensive, but not quite accurate, analysis of the situation. He maintains

that the Indian National Congress is forsaking its "different" and "nobler" movement for the "cynical politics of Europe and America" by contesting an election "on a creed of non-co-operation and then co-operating."

But taking office does not necessarily mean co-operation. Mr. Thompson predicts that in the Provinces, "whenever it gets a majority, Congress will accept office—and having taken office, will work the Constitution." Congress is far more likely, however, to attempt to wreck the Federal Constitution by turning to obstructionist tactics, such as resigning from office on critical issues, or frequently forcing the hand of the provincial governor against his ministers, thereby causing a suspension of the Constitution.

English readers may wonder why Congress should reject a Constitution, evolved through some six years' untiring labour, which is at any rate considerably better than existing conditions. The answer is that the Constitution does not even half-way meet Indian demands, and those that it does seem to meet are so hedged about with "safeguards" that their real value is practically nil. The Federation aims unequivocally at guarding Imperialist interests by the installation of the most conservative and reactionary forces at the top. Congress, a nationalist organisation strongly permeated with liberal and Socialist ideas, cannot co-operate in the working of such a Constitution.

Then if they are not to co-operate, why should Congress contest the elections at all? First, because this supreme opportunity of educating politically, by means of an election campaign, the agricultural and illiterate masses of India is one which Congress cannot afford to miss. Secondly, in case of a majority, which is almost certain in some Provinces, an obstructionist policy has every chance of success. Thirdly, and most important, every seat win by a congressman is a direct indication that the country is against the Constitution. Congress proposes to form a constituent assembly of its own, composed largely of its elected members.

Indians generally agree that the Constitution will have to be modified, sooner rather than later, under pressure of the international situation. As Mr. Thompson rightly points out, a peaceful and friendly India is a necessity for British interests in the East, and the only way to obtain this is to come to terms with representative Indian opinion, which *is* the Indian National Congress.

K. P. GHOSH

Boughton House, Green Lane,
Outwood, Surrey.

FROM NAZI GERMANY

SIR,—In your periodical THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of January 9th, 1937, you speak in your article "Horst Wessel über Alles" of Wessel as a pimp. I suppose it is an error. Wessel was not a Jew but a student. He's not to be confounded with Trotzky or some other murderer. Wessel and your paper is comparing an Eagle with a skunk. It's a pity, that one can't prevent that a Newspaper monkey, the scum of intellectual highway man, is allowed to print the name of a Man like Wessel without being beaten for this insolence. It only proves too well, that we should treat the Jews, as you lie, we would do. This dirt is not worth any other consideration and I do hope that you'll be treated in England one day, as you deserve it, and as you lied to the world we would treat you since 1933. Tell the world how the Jews treated us from 1918–33!

PAUL ALICKE

Dresden-A.1
Grunder Strasse 19.

SIR,—It is perhaps interesting and not unamusing to discover that (according to *Der Offentliche Gesundheitsclienst*, July, 1936), while schizophrenia and circular insanity are grounds for sterilisation for eugenic reasons, the third major class of insanity, paranoia—in which false ideas of grandeur and delusions of persecution are prominent symptoms—is not included as a cause for sterilisation in Germany.

MICHAEL WHITTY

WHAT TO DO WITH MUSICAL CHILDREN

SIR,—Without discussing the merits and demerits of the Examination System, I think it should be pointed out, lest any misapprehension is created, that Mr. Kenward is in error when, in your last issue, he states that his daughter is not permitted to take Music as a subject in London Matriculation.

If Mr. Kenward will consult the Regulations for this examination he will find that candidates must take five papers. Two (English and Elementary Mathematics) are compulsory; a third may be *either* Latin *or* Greek or else one of a group of Sciences; the other two may be selected at choice from a large group of subjects which includes Music, with the proviso that if Latin or Greek has not been taken one of these two must be a language.

Furthermore, it is open to Miss Kenward, if still at school, to obtain Matriculation exemption by reaching a sufficient standard in the London or Oxford or Oxford and Cambridge School Certificate, in all of which examinations Music may be offered as one subject.

Finally, may I suggest that, apart from the mistake of fact, Mr. Kenward's gibe that "the examiners ensure that the qualifying examination for a music career shall exclude that very subject" is somewhat misleading. Matriculation is not "a qualifying examination for a music career"; it is a qualifying examination for admission to a University and University studies and, as such, intended to test the general level of academic educational attainment.

A. F. TITLEY

University of London, King's College,
Strand, W.C.2.

CULTURE

SIR,—Your correspondent "Selfish Pleasure," who complains that in Leeds there are no amateur musicians and no topics of conversation except (for men) golf and cars, and (for women) dress and servants, would be better served intellectually in one of our London suburbs.

Here, though far from being highbrows, we are passionately fond of Gilbert and Sullivan and have not four only, but as many as six topics of conversation—three for men and three for women. We Southerners are broadminded enough to realise that there are more things in the world to talk about than golf and cars, dress and servants—there are also short-wave reception and the Royal Family.

Let "Selfish Pleasure" get himself invited to one of our informal little dinner parties, followed up with a homy evening round the radio. Our conversation would be a revelation to him.

P. Y. BETTS

77 Magdalen Road,
Wandsworth Common, S.W.18.

Miscellany

A SLOW REVIVAL

AN exhibition of Twentieth Century British Architecture might be considerably less dismal than the show now open at Burlington House, but it could not conceivably be exhilarating. Architecture is in the worst case of the contemporary arts; and the reason for this, I think, is that it is the art which depends least upon the individual, and most upon society. Literature, painting, sculpture, and perhaps even music can flower gloriously in a predominantly hostile environment, if there are a few individuals of genius and a few discerning patrons. A customs-house officer, like Rousseau, can be a great painter, because the material required for painting costs comparatively little. Even a painter who neither owns nor in any other way gains any money can subsist if only a few hundreds a year are spent on his work, but an architect requires thousands, since he receives only a small percentage of the cost of his buildings. He must, therefore, bow down to his client's requirements in a way no self-respecting painter would dream of doing. The architect consequently becomes a professional man as well as an artist; and most architects seem hardly to think of themselves as artists at all. Whereas young writers and painters and musicians naturally congregate together in their leisure, young architects are more likely to be found with business-men or solicitors or underwriters: they are professional men associating with possible clients rather than artists with fellow-artists. And, partly as a result of this, their taste in the arts is too often rather uneducated. The architect, for instance, of the R.I.B.A. building in Port-

land Place, is obviously a man of talent—the plan of his building is most ingenious—but look at the sculptural and other ornamentation which he has selected for it! It is noticeable that many of the better buildings in the Burlington House show are disfigured by ornaments which are merely silly, and the room devoted to architectural sculpture is a desert. Yet there are sculptors alive with remarkable decorative talents—anyone who knows about sculpture knows, for instance, about Mr. Frank Dobson.

Architecture suffers from another grave disadvantage. The vast majority of bad books, pictures, statues and musical compositions disappear fairly quickly from circulation. When you talk of the art of the Nineteenth Century, you think of men of genius—Baudelaire, Balzac, Tolstoy, the Brontës, Ibsen, Cézanne, Beethoven, Moussorgsky—and you can forget the mediocrities who enjoyed popular success in that period. You can to some extent avoid the even larger flood of poor books, poor paintings and poor music produced to-day. But except by remaining in the depths of the country, you cannot escape seeing daily the bad buildings of the nineteenth century, or of the twentieth. Jostling and outbidding one another, overloaded with inappropriate ornaments belonging to an aristocratic past, competing in ostentation and tastelessness, the ungrammatical facades of big shops, insurance offices and blocks of flats reflect, like so many parvenus in a caricature, the wastefulness, greed and anarchy of modern capitalism. Marxian criticism (which when applied to painting seems to me always unenlightening and usually nonsensical) could produce a devastating indictment of Nineteenth and Twentieth Century architecture. In this art the general level of taste and accomplishment is more important than individual genius.

Another handicap of the architect compared with other artists is that in the Nineteenth Century, while literature and music and (in France) painting continued to develop, architecture declined and then entirely collapsed. In the twentieth century the architect has had either to try to pick up and revive the pre-Victorian tradition or to begin afresh. There is no vernacular the idiom of which is native to him. Sham Georgian is much sweeter to the eye than any Victorian architecture, and the extraordinary talent of a Lutyens can produce very felicitous pastiches, but whenever any attempt is made to evolve the classical style by innovations (as in the works of our eminent Knights) the results are saddening. The tradition, it seems certain, cannot be revived; it can only be disinterred, like fancy-dress from a trunk in the attic. The new style, of which Corbusier is the most distinguished exponent, has obvious merits, but it is difficult to write of it as enthusiastically as one did fifteen years ago. For one thing, a building exists in time as well as in space, and time is apt to have a very damaging effect upon buildings of this sort; a crack in the plaster, a dent in the metal, the slightest shabbiness, and their beauty, which depends upon a geometrical precision, is wrecked. In a Northern climate especially they weather wretchedly; the Bexhill pavilion now looks uncommonly well (or rather it would if it were not surrounded by such degraded neighbours) but in twenty years I fear it will make a poor showing. Moreover, the style is not developing as quickly as one hoped. It remains aggressively puritanical and inhuman, suited to house machines rather than men and women. It can make a vastly impressive factory or hospital, and it is adapting itself very gradually to the construction of houses and of public buildings. But it is used too often on the demonstrably untrue theory (which Corbusier himself is too fine an artist to accept) that fitness to function is in itself enough to produce beauty.

And yet, disappointing in some ways as this "contemporary" style has proved, it is all we have. Abroad, especially in Italy, it shows signs of being humanised. In England the narrow conservatism of foolish old gentlemen has excited in some of the innovators an analogous bigotry: they believe with Calvinistic rigour in the concrete style. But for most purposes in England brick, stone and weatherboarding, can be used much more happily, and I fancy that the future of our architecture lies in a free development of the "contemporary" style in these materials.

A careful inspection of the R.A. Exhibition will reveal many excellent and ingenious plans; some architects will argue that the plan of a building is far more important than its elevations; and one can agree that a building which is ill-planned, like a building which will not stand up, is a failure. But a good plan will no more make good architecture than accurate facts in themselves will make good history, or prime materials good food.

At Burlington House you will find the designs for many of the recent buildings which are most open to criticism, the Piccadilly Circus novelties, the Masonic building in Great Queen Street, the extension of the B.M.A. building (which masks one of Sir Edwin Lutyens' best works), the outrageous new front to the Burlington Arcade, India House, the new buildings at Queen's, Cambridge, etc., etc. You will find a few happy inventions like R. Myerscough-Walker's House, near Nottingham (1231), E. Maxwell Fry's Sun House (981), the Lutyens Inn at Cockington (728), and the timber house of Gerald Wellesley and Trenwith Wills (1085). You will find some sensibly designed blocks of flats, such as Robert Atkinson's Stockleigh Hall (1238), E. P. Wheeler's L.C.C. Oaklands Estate (1343), J. E. M. MacGregor's Lennox House (1345) and L. de Soissons's Duchy of Cornwall flats (1271). You will find admirably designed pithead baths and quite a number of very good-looking hospitals—perhaps the healthiest exhibits of all. But you will find very little to excite any lively aesthetic emotion (it is, of course, unfair to judge a building only by drawings or photographs), except in the fascinating retrospective section, which recounts, all too summarily, the architectural history of this country from the pleasant Elizabethan mansion up to the glories of Inigo Jones, Wren, Vanbrugh and Gibbs, and down to the infamies of Butterfield and Waterhouse. It then becomes difficult, I think, not to wish that the Exhibition had been planned to show our architecture during all its periods, with plans and large photographs of the best buildings, and the twentieth century represented by three rooms of very carefully selected designs, instead of by this indigestible and gloomy cumulation of pompous Town Halls, expensive office-buildings, olde-worlde or gadzooky country houses, among which an occasional tidy job shines like a good deed in a naughty world. Such an exhibition, in any case, would have been more attractive to the public, and probably more advantageous, because enormously more flattering, to architecture as a living art.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

COLLEGE OF WIT-CRACKERS

Much Ado About Nothing. At The Ring, Blackfriars.

The Bankside Players Sunday Society has a membership fee of a shilling and acts Shakespeare in a boxing stadium on Sunday nights. The actors are professionals who give their services free. As a theatre The Ring is not particularly large. The stage is three-quarters surrounded by the audience, there is a balcony and an inner stage, and in general the theatre is a rough reproduction of an Elizabethan one. There is, however, no pedantry about it; it happens that that kind of stage is the most convenient possible in a circular building.

The advantages of this way of staging Shakespeare are many. In the first place the connection between actor and audience is more intimate without the barrier of footlights. The conventions of the aside and the soliloquy are more acceptable. The absence of scenery and the smallness of the theatre give the words their chance. The verse does not need to be spoken murderously slowly in order to carry to the gallery. And the general tempo of the play is taken out of the hands of scene-shifters.

Much Ado unadorned was an uneven affair. This was not entirely Shakespeare's fault. Admittedly, grouping is difficult even on a two dimensional stage, and it is tiresome as a fetish, but in the earlier parts of this production Mr. Robert Atkins

eft his actors standing about too raggedly. And there was a tendency to allow breaks between "scenes"—caused by one set of people walking off and another set coming on—to become too long. Dogberry, Verges, and company came on too slowly when their presence was necessary to prevent seriousness breaking in. Generally, however, things went at a good speed—especially the wit matches.

The words being completely audible, the first three acts went with that jerkiness which one notices when reading the play. Claudio's temporary jealousy of the prince seems a waste of words if its only dramatic purpose is to show what a villain Don John is. The obscurity of Borachio's announcement that Margaret will call him Claudio from the window, the unfulfilled order for music to serenade Hero at night, and the irrelevance of "Sigh no more, ladies" all suggest that Shakespeare probably meant to have a scene outside Hero's window, changed his mind, and didn't trouble to clear away the bits. The play is more closely knit in every way after the wedding scene, and Mr. Atkins's production became taut just at that point.

The principal actors were excellent. Jack Hawkins, as Benedick, and Margaretta Scott, as Beatrice, spoke the verse uncommonly well, and were very convincingly rude to each other. Beatrice made her most annotated quips seem fun by sheer pleasantness of personality, and played her "Kill Claudio" scene with a fine ferocity. Jack Hawkins made Benedick a Shavian figure, puzzled and somewhat annoyed at being enslaved by a piece of wayward marl embodying The Life Force, but hanging on to his vanity to the bitter end. Hubert Gregg, as Claudio, gave the right impression of virtue attended by a certain softness and stupidity, and did his denunciation of Hero with a nice hysteria. He made it seem plausible that he was capable of believing an obviously stereotyped paragon guilty of vulgar intrigue. Lesley Gordon's Hero was prettily ill-used. She made the most of the few moments in the play when her part was not simply to be an object for pity or admiration. The Prince and the rest are little more than shadows. They were competent shadows. But Dogberry deserved better foils. He came alive brilliantly on being called an ass, went visibly purple, and explained that he was a fellow that had had losses with excellent dignity.

FREDERICK LAWS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Crooked Cross," at the Westminster

The healthy disgust that most normal people feel at the treatment of the Jews in Germany, the interference with the liberty of the subject, which is such a deplorable feature of the Nazi regime towards the Aryan as well as the non-Aryan members of the community, has become by passage of time an accepted thing. We expect a Nazi to behave badly to a Jew and it would have been much more interesting if we could have seen, what no doubt sometimes happens, a Nazi family in which the more extreme members occasionally remember the obligations of family, as opposed to party. It is difficult to be as scrupulously honest as Miss Carson is and to state an interesting case, and it would probably have made a much better play if a certain amount of bias had been allowed to creep in. The idealism of the young girl and the intense mental suffering she is exposed to in her faithfulness to her Jewish lover at least give Miss Anne Firth an opportunity of showing a charming stage personality, and it is to be hoped that before long we can see her again in a more theatrically interesting part.

"Giselle," at Sadler's Wells

Giselle, the most famous of all classical ballets (incidentally, it has been often described as the *Hamlet* of ballets), was revived this week at Sadler's Wells. This new production, in which Margot Fonteyn plays the role of Giselle, is perhaps on the whole the finest which the Sadler's Wells company has so far given. The setting and costumes by William Chappell are very happy without being strikingly original, and the discipline of the ballet corps reaches a very high level, being superior to what has often been offered by famous Russian companies.

As Giselle, Margot Fonteyn gave the best performance of her career. Her miming in the first act was as convincing as her technique in her very difficult solos was excellent. Perhaps she was a little too human and not ethereal enough in the second act, but one cannot expect her to be a Carlotta Grisi, at the age of seventeen. She was ably partnered by Robert Helpmann and in the first act Harold Turner and Mary Honer were responsible for some brilliant dancing. In the second act Pamela May had both character and charm as Myrtha. Constant Lambert conducted, and it may be said that full justice was done to this work of Theophile Gautier and Adolphe Adam, which is a masterpiece that has never been surpassed in the history of ballet.

"College Holiday," at the Plaza, and "Zéro de Conduite," at the Everyman

If you have your children christened George or Elizabeth or Norma after Mr. Arliss, Miss Bergner or Miss Shearer, *College Holiday* may not be up your street. But if Harpo, Groucho and Chico are your favourite names, make straight for the Plaza. This film is the most methodically mad that Hollywood has yet managed, sets a new standard in incoherence, and is THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION Film of the Month. Gracie Allen is as malignantly crack-brained as Harpo himself, and Martha Raye muscles in on Joe Louis and Samson. There is a little too much song-and-dance, but the jokes are so enormous that you need now and then a rest from laughing. The plot is too fanciful to be described, a bird's-nest of surprising incidents such as a race between a quadriga and a railway-train. Altogether the film is what the aesthetician calls "pure cinema," an exploitation of the possibilities peculiar to this form of entertainment. The best thing of its sort since *Million Dollar Legs*, and an example of surrealism in its most interesting shape. *Zéro de Conduite*, on the other hand, is consciously and much less imaginatively surrealist. It has the inconsequence, but not the excitement, of a dream. It drags, and the vague discomfort it arouses is a feeble reaction to so fat a story as a school-rebellion, a story which should go straight to our unregenerate hearts. The two G.P.O. unit films shown with it, and *Mickey's Garden*, are much more effective. When Monsieur

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Breton and his earnest disciples achieve anything as surprising as *College Holiday*, we shall think almost as highly of them as they seem to expect.

"Seurat and His Contemporaries," at the Wildenstein Gallery

To attempt to criticise Seurat in a paragraph—or a column—would be mere impertinence. The purpose of this note is to call attention to an exhibition the like of which we shall hardly see again. At 147 New Bond Street are no less than fifty-three works by the master: never, even in Paris, have so many been brought together. It goes without saying that most of them are sketches and drawings. Of the canvases few will be unfamiliar to amateurs. But who will be sorry to see again *Le Cirque*, or the Courtauld pictures, or Mr. Kenneth Clark's *Sous-Bois*, or Mr. Keynes's big study for *La Grande Jatte*? while M. Fénéon's *Port en Bessin* and M. Appert's *Bateau* will be new to most. We are shown a beautiful Pissarro and some good painting by Signac. But the surprises of the exhibition are Delavallée, Dubois-Pillet, Gausson and Hayet. Either the organisers have sought industriously and chosen with rare taste exceptional works by these men, or we have neglected four interesting artists.

Lithographs for Schools, at the Curwen Press, 108 Gt. Russell Street

A schoolmaster was complaining the other day that his boys preferred Mr. Eliot to Wordsworth. Of course they would. (And in Wordsworth's time they similarly preferred him to Pope.) Unless they like Mr. Eliot now, they are unlikely ever to develop a taste for Wordsworth, for it is natural and most easy to begin with expressions of contemporary sensibility, and then to include in one's admiration the great, but usually less immediately acceptable, masters of the past. Similarly a modern picture is more accessible to a child than the Old Masters which are usually held up to their admiration. Particularly welcome therefore are the productions of "Contemporary Lithographs Ltd.," a new company which aims at providing schools with works drawn on the stone by living artists. (This method brings the child into far more direct touch with the artist than any photographic method of reproduction). The first series of ten, now on view at the Curwen Press, is extremely promising. The two most aesthetically satisfying are, oddly enough, the two most likely to appeal by their subjects to small children, Mr. Graham Sutherland's *Sick Duck* and Mr. H. S. Williamson's *Bears at Tea*. In composition and colour these are enchanting. Mr. Barnett Freedman's *Charade* shows extraordinary virtuosity in the medium: Mr. Edward Bawden's *Cattle Market*, on the other hand, is drawn in the technique of the lino-cut rather than of the lithograph, but is a most successful design. Mr. Paul Nash's *Landscape of the Megoliths*, very austere in colour, is the most poetic of the set. Mr. John Nash's *Thames Near Oxford* is the most "English": Miss Nora McGuinness shows a romantic *Fisherman's Beach*, and Mr. Robert Medley a scene in a Park drawn in very brilliant Gauguinesque colours, which should stimulate children to imitation. Mr. Clive Gardiner's *Buckinghamshire Farm* is rather too obvious a composition for the sophisticated palate, but should be useful in explaining to children how to build up a picture. There is something in fact for every sort of taste except bad taste, and the lithographs seem certain to have the success that they deserve. All education officers and teachers who can should try to see this exhibition. The cost of the pictures is moderate, and the importance of giving to the public of the future some training in the use of their eyes can hardly be exaggerated. With these lithographs on sale there is no longer any excuse for degrading the taste of children with the sentimental and feebly drawn reproductions that they are too often given.

Isele! Indhlovukazi!

as the Zulus say. What this means and why they say it will emerge from a reading of Kit Marshall's extraordinary novel about Zululand, *Frog in the Reeds*. Confused writing and a quite incredible heroine do not stop this story being effective and exciting, a classic picture of a proud race all the happier for lacking the "benefits" of civilization.

Critics for: Julian Huxley, Edwin Muir, Ralph Straus, Humbert Wolfe, Douglas Goldring, Ethel Mannin, Geoffrey Gorer, D. S. Meldrum, Edith Shackleton, Peter Burra. Critics mostly against: Howard Spring, J. D. Beresford, John Brophy, R. Ellis Roberts. At the very least, this is another good title for your library list; but you will enjoy it more than that.

Frog in the Reeds, by Kit Marshall, a Book Society recommendation. *7s. 6d. net.*

NELSON

35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 22nd—
- Spanish Week in Holborn. Public Meeting at Whitefield's Central Mission. Speeches by Margery Fry, Charlotte Haldane and others, 8.
- "A Sleeping Clergyman," Tavistock Little Theatre.

SATURDAY, January 23rd—
- Opening of Exhibition of Spanish Art, Bloomsbury Gallery, 34 Bloomsbury Street. (Admission 6*d.*).

SUNDAY, January 24th—
- Miss Alison Neilans on "The New Family Code in Soviet Russia," Conway Hall, 11.
- D. R. Davies on "The Superstition of Reason," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
- Grinke Trio, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- W. Horsfall Carter on "Spain and Her Provinces," Bloomsbury Gallery, 8.30.
- "The Queen's Image," Royalty Theatre.

MONDAY, January 25th—
- Film Performance of "Defence of Madrid" and Concert of Spanish Songs by Miette Muthesius, Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, 8.30. (Tickets, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 1*s.*, and 6*d.*, from 6 Gordon Square, W.C.).

TUESDAY, January 26th—
- Leonard Montefiore on "Anti-Semitism in Europe," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Col. Theodore Roosevelt on "The United States of America as a Colonial Power," New Buildings of London University (entrance from Malet Street), 5.30. Subsequent lectures on Jan. 28th, Feb. 2nd, 4th, 9th and 11th.
- Sir Andrew McFadyean on "Liberalism in the Modern World," Manson Hall 26 Portland Place, 8.15. (Tickets, 3*s.*, 2*s.*, and 1*s.*)
- V. S. Pritchett on "Spanish Art," Bloomsbury Gallery, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, January 27th—
- Howard League for Penal Reform. Luncheon. Gerald Heard on "Intellectual Starvation in Prison," Comedy Restaurant, Panton Street, Haymarket, 12.45. (Tickets, 2*s.* 6*d.*).
- Exhibition of British Architecture 1937. E. J. Carter on "The Retrospective Section," Royal Academy Lecture Room, 3.
- Women's Freedom League. Mrs. Billington-Greig on "Policy and Methods for Feminists: New Tactics for New Times," Lower Essex Hall, Essex Street, 7.30.
- F.P.S.I. Herbert Read on "The Artist in Relation to Society," Conway Hall, 8.
- Clough Williams-Ellis on "Spanish Architecture," Bloomsbury Gallery, 8.30.

THURSDAY, January 28th—
- Fabian Society. Herbert Morrison on "Let Labour Rule and London Flourish," Livingstone Hall, Broadway, 8.
- In Aid of Holborn Fund for Spanish Medical Aid and Fund for Restoration of Tower and Steeple of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. Princess Antoine Bibesco on "Spain." First Edition Club, 6 Little Russell Street, 8.30. (Tickets, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, and 2*s.* 6*d.* from Mrs. Roberts, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.).
- "Front of House," Strand Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

SEVENTY-ONE years ago, for the first time in history, a party of Japanese gentlemen set out to visit Europe, accompanied by their servants, one of whom was a barber. This man got into a fight during his first railway journey owing to the way in which he threw his orange-peel at the glass window, from which it rebounded into his neighbour's face, upon which the neighbour tried to snatch the orange away. Viscount Shibusawa, who was called in to terminate the fracas, had to explain that his barber did not realise what he had been doing: he had never seen glass before or heard of its existence. This anecdote, with its air of being made up by Defoe, is related by the Viscount in *The Journal of My Western Voyage*, which was naturally of great interest to the Japanese at the time it was published. I do not know whether it has been translated, but such a fresh view must obviously be entertaining. However, the existence of Viscount Shibusawa's *Journal* led his granddaughter, Mrs. Haruko Ichikawa, to keep a diary when in 1932 she accompanied her husband, who is Professor of English at the University of Tokio, on a tour of Europe, rendered possible by an Albert Kahn scholarship. The volume which resulted seemed to the English publishers to be alarmingly long, so Mr. William Plomer, who contributes an introduction, has cut it in two—leaving out a number of European countries entirely, which was obviously the best plan. The result, *Japanese Lady in Europe* (Cape, 10*s.* 6*d.*), is charming, and the fact that Mrs. Ichikawa was writing in Japanese for the eyes of her own people makes it far more worth reading than the usual books of carefully calculated candid friendship. She is a most unexpectedly good traveller, being bold in taking the initiative, open-minded in her judgments and showing a readiness to like people and a quickness in understanding them. Thus when the bearded man came along huddled up, tapping the wheels of the trans-Siberian train, she called out to him in Japanese and grasped the oily hand which he wiped on his trousers. Not much could be learned from such a contact—but nothing can be learned without the friendly self-confidence which it exemplifies. In England the Ichikawas rushed about: dashed off to Ireland, to Scotland, to the Lakes, and hurried away to Yarmouth in order to stand on the most easterly point of the British Isles, where they helped an old woman pick up driftwood and paid a very peculiar visit to some old fishermen who were playing cribbage in a hut, but who did not rise or greet their unexpected visitors.

> They were not, however, cold to us, and one, taking his pipe from his mouth, pointed to the wall and said "Japan flag" and smiled, showing wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. It was this taciturn old fellow's way of showing hospitality.

This odd pilgrimage was followed by a visit to Lowes Dickinson at Cambridge, who looked, she thought, as though he had a peculiar character and whose Chinese skull cap became him very well. She gives a very good description of the Cambridge undergraduates:

> The streets were narrow and the students came and went on bicycles. They looked rather like trades-boys carrying books in baskets fixed to their handle-bars, but their faces showed that they had no mental troubles, and their soft white skins looked very much softer, helped by the soft nuance of the colours of their suits, their coats being reddish-brown and their flannel trousers being mouse-grey. Among Japanese students no one can be found who might provoke the appetite of an old cannibal, but even I might have been able to eat such young men as they . . . Some of them are extremely tall, but they are rather slender—just like asparagus cultivated under glass.

And old David, by his stall in the market-place, recognised her husband after eighteen years, and held out a trembling hand, saying to himself "Time passes very quickly indeed."

* * *

They went to Spain a few days after King Alfonso had left the country, and were rather disappointed at the lack of political excitement. It was Spain, however, that really stirred Mrs. Ichikawa to the depths. The extreme heat from which they suffered a good deal, their complete ignorance of the language, the wine which they drank, the ruggedness of the landscape, combined to make them feel that they were in very strange far-away surroundings. Mrs. Ichikawa was also thrilled to the marrow by the appearance and sexuality of Spanish women. Their eyes, their fans, their mantillas, their combs, their proud capricious gestures, their heavy earrings that looked as though they would tear off the lobes of their ears if they walked rapidly: all seemed to indicate a wild, exotic romanticism, which was borne out by her visit to a bullfight in which the bull seemed

> a paragon of unswerving life, shown us by God in order to put us to shame who walk hesitatingly on this earth, entangled by shallow cunning.

It may be that there is something naturally attractive about Spain to Japanese, but I think Mrs. Ichikawa simply felt what we all feel but in a stronger degree. In three generations Japan has forced herself through the industrial revolution, imitating Western customs with furious energy, not because the Japanese are attracted by European Industrialism but because they believed that it was the only way of preserving their independence. It is commonly said that the psychological strain of imitating Europeans is responsible for the high suicide rate among Japanese students. Certainly the strain must be enormous, and Mrs. Ichikawa speaks enviously of the Chinese, who "have not yet got their nerves blistered with the stimulating fruit of the tree of knowledge, and who seem likely to inherit the earth and go on for ever, while . . . the Japanese go neurotic and mad." Thus, on her visits to England, France and Germany she could never forget the burden which presses so heavily on Japanese shoulders. In Spain this was utterly forgotten, and she found herself in a world of gypsies, bullfighters and romance.

* * *

Mrs. Ichikawa's account is honest and full of dashing self-confidence. There are some absurd mistakes—everyone makes them who generalises, but the effect is to raise one's spirits. While I was reading it I was sent *A Peep at Europe*, by Mrs. C. Kuttan Nair (The Scholar Press, Palghat, Rs.2), a little book with photographs of groups of international students. It describes a visit to Europe by a party of Indian women. It is in the main a heartbreaking account of pains-taking rushing about: setting off with a headache in a charabanc to see the Tower of London and working up an enthusiasm over Abbotsford. If only Mrs. Nair had had the courage to say that she was bored, how much better her book would have been! Yet one can see that there were many delightful moments. For example, in Czechoslovakia, at Lake Propenske, "the cynosure of the tourist world":

> We lost no time in getting into the boats that lay moored to the bank and rowed to different parts of the lake. Most of us were handling the oars for the first time, and perhaps it was with the same spirit of adventure as animated our ancient mariners that we launched forth our boats. It was fun, not unmingled with occasional fits of panic, that in the beginning we went round and round without making any progress, or in the wrong direction as we pulled the oars . . . and we enjoyed throwing balls of snow at our comrades as they passed by.

It is at such moments that one can see what the real Indian is like. Only E. M. Forster, among English writers, is alive to the charm of such romping high spirits and the fun of little practical jokes which are so characteristic of the Indian. Unfortunately, when Europeans are present, Indians often take pains, and we seem hateful and superior. The visit to Europe convinced Mrs. Nair of the desirability of greater freedom for women in India and of the evils which come from segregating the sexes, particularly in boys' schools.

> Brought up in such a cloistered atmosphere, it is no wonder that our innocent brothers, when we attend the premises of their institutions in response to invitations to attend some function there, often greet us with hisses, hootings and cat-calls.

DAVID GARNETT

TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE

Forward from Liberalism. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

There is a possibility that this book may, and I hope it will, exercise a greater influence over the political opinions of the younger generation than any one publication since the war. It is the first time, to my knowledge, that they have been sympathetically and competently addressed by one of themselves; it is the first time that their own particular problems, their own particular scruples, have been expressed and, I think I may add, in a considerable part answered. The reviews, as a result, have been extremely instructive, and would have been equally amusing, if this were quite the time to find a mutual and unexpectedly profound incomprehension between old and young amusing. At all events, I cannot believe that the organ tones of Mr. G. M. Young's disapproval will have much effect, or are much to the point. The political present has a way of misbehaving behind the backs of even the most august and lucid expositors of the past. Paternally unaware of the extraordinarily large extent to which Left-wing opinion has spread among the younger elements in this country, Mr. Young contented himself, in admirable prose, with pointing out that Mr. Spender's was not so good. He is right. It isn't. Moreover, Mr. Spender is somewhat repetitive, sometimes somewhat rash. Mr. Spender could be tripped up by many a Marxian dogmatist, I am sure, as well as by many a don. But he has contemporaries whom he has herewith given reasons for forgiving him, and I like to imagine that one of them may save Mr. Young's life, one day, by popping him inside a Popular Front armoured car when the Tories find it advisable to liquidate even their own historians.

There are those who will forgive Mr. Spender because what they needed was less a text which elderly beaks should be unable to blue-pencil, than an answer, by one of themselves, to the question as to *what they are to do* about a world which is rapidly becoming fit for tyrants to live in.

Here, then, is the theme:

> I do not doubt but that in the modern world, Communism—the classless, internationalist society—is the final goal of Liberalism. But whereas formerly it seemed plausible to wait for the goal, whilst the intellectual could carry on his disinterested work without concerning himself at all with politics, to-day politics threaten us with the destruction of civilisation, so that Communism or international Socialism becomes an immediate necessity: it is not too much to say that without it our civilisation cannot survive.

And here, with my italics, is something that might be done:

> The moment we think of the main problem of Socialism to-day as one not of amassing the greatest number of supporters, but of unifying the energy of every group, however small, that fights disinterestedly for Socialist ends, a Popular Front becomes *far more* important than a Labour parliamentary majority. For the most significant political event of our time is that for the first time since the beginning of the nineteenth century *everyone* who cares for peace, freedom, economic democracy and internationalism has a cause in common against militant nationalists, commercial competition, the dictatorships of the financial oligarchy, and the embodiment of all these tendencies in a final war. The conclusion that we must achieve a classless, democratic world-state is inescapable. If everyone who accepts this joins the Popular Front, the means, as well as the ends, are simplified, in democratic countries, *for a bloodless revolution is still possible.* In the democratic countries, political freedom, an instrument fallen almost into disuse, could, with energy and determination, be exploited. It is just possible in England for a Popular Front to gain power, thus putting capitalism on the defensive. Political freedom has not yet been withdrawn: *but it may either be withdrawn, or else drastically limited:* therefore it is urgently necessary that a Popular Front should make use of our political freedom quickly.

Mr. Spender has accomplished a really formidable task with something near complete success. He has defined, through the course of his book, an abstract attitude towards politics and history in the terms of personal, private experience. How much easier, and seemingly wiser, would it have been for him to describe his progress towards ultimate Socialism in the form of the customary, detached essay! Distance lends importance, almost always. Instead, he took the poet's risk of presenting his ideas as part of himself. Equipped with an intuitive feeling for essential, as opposed to routine, politics, he has completed a kind of diary which many will suddenly find has been their own. It is, moreover, precisely this individual, candid, imaginative approach that lends his words the power to penetrate, and to convince. The post-war generation has had other words for a long time, similar words, right words. Now, some of them will feel that they have something more. A voice.

Forward from Liberalism is concerned with the idea, among others, that "the idealism of yesterday becomes the materialism of to-day." It includes a history of the failure of official Liberalism, and while there is little room here to accompany him through what is, after all, an irrefutable indictment, he has much of interest to say, for example, about that supremely Liberal quality, individualism. He contrasts the individualism of the early philosophical Radicals, which sprang from a passion for social justice, with that of a certain group of intellectuals to-day. There are many European individualists, ailing mutineers squeezed into the crow's nest of a sinking vessel, who reject their function as beneficiaries and custodians of civilisation with the excuse that they themselves comprise civilisation. So, in a way, they do, and it is just because of this that civilisation may be partially wiped out. Noting that their excuse is simply the formula of *sauve qui peut* disguised, Mr. Spender suggests that such an individualist is the victim of delusions. He fears, wrongly, to become a factory hand, a cog, a number. He cannot see that the ends of Communism, already clearly discernible in the new Constitution, are liberal and pacific ends, and that it is only on a material, realistic foundation of economic freedom for all that the individual himself can be truly free. He shudders at the protective measures taken against counter-revolutions, forgetting that something has already been won, and that that something must be saved—rationalism, especially in the economic sphere, must be saved from irrationalism—if individuals are ever permanently to enjoy "the right to work, leisure and every form of self-expression which does not interfere with his neighbour's happiness." Lastly, he does not realise that he really hates his own cherished isolation, which "is a symptom of the social injustice which produces him."

How true that is of so many people one has seen! Certainly, there are many genuine, congenital individualists, and they have every right to be such. But there are others. Aloof, sometimes brilliant, often attractive, they sit crossly about Europe, "above" politics. They cannot bear to take part in anything, to "act" at all. They feel, to a certain degree correctly, that something has gone so wrong, somewhere, that it would be a betrayal to play a part in the world as it is. Sometimes, they take their revenge on the world with snobbery, or drink, or sex. If they are weak, they wander glumly through the drugs, from the comparative innocuity of cocaine to the subtler *soma* of the Catholic Church. There, they meet the enemy. First, they become chronic romantics, then Fascists, and then, having rejected life, enter the world once more as active advocates of death. On this point, too, Mr. Spender has something to contribute. "Thus, when the very existence of civilisation is threatened by war and oppression, politics become either an affirmation of life, or an alliance with death." What has provided Fascism with one of its main props? Disgust with a half-hearted and half-cowardly democracy. To the simple, it suddenly seemed as if the converse of democracy must be what they needed; that safety, freedom, reason and peace were to be despised, since life was no longer worth living. "And death" as Mr. Spender says, "is what more and more people in Europe demand." I could wish, incidentally, that he had developed this theme more fully. The philosophical mainspring of Fascism is undoubtedly the desire for death, as Thomas Mann has demonstrated. Everything that makes life better worth the living, they root out; everything that makes dying more *chic*, they elaborate. Munich, for instance, has lately become one huge, expensive pseudo-Greek cemetery, consecrated to the repose of brigands, as the melancholy demeanour of its inhabitants bears witness. The insistence on that great, deadening Folk Soul is another symptom. It was this that Nietzsche fought, and Hitler adores, in Wagner. This overpowering desire which the real romantic has to fly from life to rationalised hysterics, to give up the whole worrying business of living and to join a chanting, glittering military route-march off into the Unconscious, into Mother, into Nothingness. The present-day practical expression of this desire in the individual is, of course, Fascism, and, in the mass, war.

The most delicate question that Mr. Spender had to deal with in his book was the question of violence, in the sense of fighting. For the scrupulous and conscientious it is the chief political conundrum of our time, and for someone like the author, who accepts Communism, there is no escaping it. Now, Mr. Spender has not quite succeeded in making me accept violence, but he has certainly shaken my faith in the conception of the ivory tower. The complete pacifists, like Mr. Aldous Huxley, believe that "the ends are judged by the means." This is the core of *Eyeless in Gaza.*

THE NAZI CONSPIRACY IN SPAIN, by the Editor of "The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror." 5/-. This is a record (with facsimiles) of the documents discovered, shortly after the outbreak of the rebellion, in Nazi headquarters at Barcelona. It reveals a vast organised system of Nazi penetration—and the case of Spain is merely typical. *"A fascinating book . . . What evidence! As readable as any detective story"*—New Statesman. *"Sensational documents"*—Star. *"Damning documents"*—News Chronicle. *"Incriminating documents revealing the existence in Spain of a vast network of Nazi espionage"*—Daily Herald **[just published]**

HITLER'S DRIVE TO THE EAST, by ELWYN JONES. 2/6. *"Nazi eyes are turned eastwards. The Fuehrer schemes to bring the countries of Central Europe, from Czechoslovakia to Rumania, within his Fascist Empire. The working of the plot is sharply outlined in 'Hitler's Drive to the East,' by F. Elwyn Jones. Author reveals how newspapers & their editors are bought, how corrupt politicians are subsidised, how terrorist & reactionary groups are trained, financed, & armed by National Socialist Germany"*—Reynolds News **[just published]**

FORWARD FROM LIBERALISM, by STEPHEN SPENDER. 7/6. The apologia of a poet & member of a famous Liberal family, who explains why he is taking up his position on the extreme Left. *"The issues of our generation are here brilliantly formulated . . . He explains what has happened to himself so clearly & so directly that we are able to recognise that what has been happening to him has, perhaps in a less clearly known way, been happening to many of us also . . . An invaluable service"*—Prof. H. J. Laski (Left News) **[just published]**

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN THE U.S.S.R. by G. N. SEREBRENNIKOV. 7/6. This is a calm, scientific & factual record which will be found of great value by serious students of politics & social questions. *"This unemotional work . . . is a record of a whole sex freed from economic & social slavery"* —Manchester Evening News **[just published]**

PROPERTY AND IMPROPERTY, by J. A. HOBSON. 4/6. The aim of this book, by the veteran economist, is to make a clear distinction between "the right & wrong sorts of property"—between the sorts which in their origin & uses are expressive of personal effort & personal satisfaction, & the sorts which proceed from looting, oppressive bargains, gambling & cunning, & are put to luxurious expenditure or waste. Mr. Hobson believes that the failure to make such a distinction is the chief barrier to sound economic reform. **[tomorrow]**

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They maintain that violent means are inevitably evil, because violent means always end in violence. The author has, I believe, made a breach in this apparently impregnable argument:

> The truth is that if I assert "I shall never fight even in the most just cause, violent means are never justified," these absolute doctrines become an end in themselves, a religion based on my mystical belief in the value of human life. Once I commit myself to such a view, I become incapable of any discrimination where ultimate issues of life and death are concerned.

Elsewhere, he adds:

> In principle, I am opposed to violence and my sympathy is with pacifists. But I feel bound to admit that there are certain exceptional circumstances in which I very much hope that I would have the courage to act violently myself, because I believe violence to be justified. It seems to me that although there are important principles of human conduct, these are never absolute. It is truly wrong to inflict death on human beings: but in all cases, it is not absolutely wrong to do so.

I cannot help wondering if this position is not more real, more reasonable, and more moral than that of Mr. Huxley. Readers of this book must naturally decide for themselves, and, at the rate things are going, they had better decide rather briskly. One should not forget that if every anti-Fascist becomes a Huxleyan pacifist, Europe will become an intellectual and spiritual desert, and will be then perhaps finally destroyed in an inter-Fascist war. Agreeing as I do with Mr. Spender that a comparatively bloodless revolution in favour of international Socialism is still possible, through the inherent weaknesses of dictatorships, I cannot but be pleased that somebody, meanwhile, is putting up a bit of a fight.

To work for goodness and truth with the mind is better, in every way, than to work for them with a revolver, but how much work will Mr. Huxley be allowed to do in Sir Oswald Mosley's concentration camp? Supposing that events took something like the same turn in England as in Germany, which is not impossible—the Sedition Bill, and rumours of conscription are signs of the times—would physical defensive action on behalf of Mr. Huxley, and others like him, be necessarily an evil? Can Mr. Huxley claim, without a qualm, that if he were a Spaniard to-day he could resist the temptation of a post, at least, in the Government Propaganda Bureau? He would be as much a part of the war machine, if he did, as any soldier.

Those who imagine that Mr. Spender swallows Communism whole are wrong. He is careful to explain that "the Liberal individualists who accept Communism may have to meet with a great deal of criticism from the Communists themselves." Remembering, however, E. M. Forster's dictum that "no political creed except Communism offers the intelligent man any hope," he goes on to say that one should continue to fight alongside the Communists "for a just and secure society," and against them, if necessary, for "disinterestedness and spiritual freedom." One should use "political weapons in order to attain an unpolitical world." He is aware, as we all must be, of the undemocratic qualities of Communism till now. The conduct of the Moscow Trials is emphatically condemned. But he insists that effective criticism is possible, and that the technique of that criticism might consist, if necessary, in the "giving of one's life to a cause of justice in which one believes, thus modifying it with the structure of one's being." At the same time, he believes that the eventual aim of international Socialism is that cultural wealth and multiformity of which Lenin has spoken, and that this aim will be realised. He claims, rightly, that Communism is already supplying, as an economic system, "the most ambitious promises and hopes of Liberalism." In his view it is capitalism, and not classless Socialism, that standardises life. I agree.

I would like to end my review with a reminder to those who, like myself, cannot accept Communism outright, even now. The English Popular Front is forming fast, and should be supported. Everyone must search his conscience with the utmost care before he decides to give Fascism negative support through inaction. The international struggle has begun. The time, sadly enough, has come.

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THE YOUNG HOPKINS

The Note-books and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited with Notes and a Preface by HUMPHRY HOUSE. *Oxford University Press.* 25s.

No one is better qualified than Mr. Humphry House to write the definitive Life of Hopkins. He has the scholarship, the knowledge of the period, the understanding of poetry and religion, the sympathy with a life of cloistered struggle, essential for the task. Three years ago, indeed, he set out with the intention of writing such a Life. The material proved disappointing; many papers, notebooks, drafts of poems, had been destroyed or lost. Hopkins was in the habit, for example, of keeping two journals, one for his poetry, the other as a record of spiritual experience; and of the second there is no trace. What remains, though, is sufficiently important. The two sections of the journal published by Mr. House cover the years 1862–6 and 1868–75, hitherto undocumented, the period of Hopkins's immaturity as a poet. One can say with certainty that no poem dated earlier than 1876 (*The Wreck of the Deutschland*) is fully characteristic of Hopkins. His conversion to the Catholic Church in 1866 had marked a change of current, a coming-of-age, in his spiritual life, and ten years later—after a long pause for discovery—his poetry revealed the impact. In the journal for these years, which contains both verse and prose, we see his false start as a poet reaching its climax in *Heaven-Haven* (1866),

> I have desired to go
> Where springs not fail
> To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
> And a few lilies blow. . . .

and side by side with this, in prose jottings, the germs of his real development. The point about *Heaven-Haven* and all his poems of that kind is not so much that they are bad—some indeed are exquisite—as that they are *wrong*. Wrong from Hopkins's point of view (he disliked the "enervating qualities" in Keats), and in the light of a whole literature which has opposed personal truthfulness to decorative grace in art. Against Keats's "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty" we might set Renard's "La vérité n'est pas toujours l'art; l'art n'est pas toujours la vérité, mais la vérité et l'art ont des points de contact; je les cherche." The aim, in fact, of an artist should be, not to create as beautifully as possible, but to tell as much of the truth as is compatible with creating beautifully. One result of this will be the creation of a far more personal and precise literature, a *littérature contre la littérature*, in which fancy no longer plays a dominant part. We have had enough of poets who cannot see the trees

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for the dryads, who walk every morning to their celery-beds to pick angelica. It needs more imagination to see and interpret the world as it is. Call this Naturalism if you like, but in the poetry of the last fifty years its realisation has been less a literary movement than a spontaneous discovery on the part of many writers who have had nothing, or almost nothing, in common. Before considering Hopkins, let me quote the example of Rilke: no two poets could be farther apart.

Rilke, like Hopkins, achieved individuality as a poet only after years of struggle in which he was hardening his experience to meet his inspiration. He began with a weak and eccentric romanticism. Perhaps the first step in his literary education was the moment when he recognised himself in this passage from Jacobsen's novel *Niels Lyhne;* it applies to the situation of so many poets that I quote at some length:

> A poet was to be made out of Niels Lyhne, and in the external conditions of his life there had also been sufficient to lead his own inclinations in this direction, sufficient to draw his own faculties to such a task; but till now he had had hardly any other foundation for being a poet than his dreams, and nothing is more monotonous than fantasy. . . . That was why Niels Lyhne had on the whole written his poetry out of an aesthetic personality that found spring abundant, the sea vast, love erotic and death melancholy. He himself had not got any further by means of his poetry, he had only written the poems. . . . He had been too busy adorning himself with what he lacked to have time to notice what he possessed; but now with the passion of a discoverer he began to gather himself together out of the memories and impressions of his childhood, out of the vivid moments of his life, and with happy astonishment he saw how it fitted together, piece by piece, and built itself up into a quite differently intimate personality from the one he had run after in his dreams. . . .

"An aesthetic personality that found spring abundant, the sea vast, love erotic and death melancholy"—how many poets that could be said of! If one wished to indicate in a few words the weakness of English poetic tradition—I am not denying its strength—what better words could one choose than these?

The Spenser-Milton-Keats strain in English poetry has been emphasised at times to the exclusion of all other strains; in the Victorian age particularly. At the period when Hopkins began to write, Tennyson shone with the reflected light of half a dozen better poets going back from Keats to Virgil; Swinburne was the rage, the infant prodigy who never grew up, who had experienced nothing except through books. In Hopkins's immediate circle, Dolben and Dixon, minor academic poets, and afterwards Bridges and Patmore, were the chief figures. "Some things you must *not* do!" exclaimed Bridges when Hopkins defended his own poetry; and that expresses the general attitude. No wonder Hopkins kept to the fastness of his religion and hesitated to show poems even to near friends.

The real poetry of his apprentice years, as I have said, is not to be found in the poems but here and there in the prose. Already he has begun to fasten on the words of common speech he likes: "fash" is recorded from Scots dialect, a fellow priest says "Mend you" meaning "Serve you right." He writes down clusters of related words: what a part they were to play later in the construction of his verse! But most of all, there is the exact delicate notation of natural things: clouds, the sea, trees, sunlight, everything from whole landscapes to the veined pattern of a leaf. He notes on a fine day the "smart distance"; chestnuts in bloom are like "big seeded strawberries"; the steam from a cup of cocoa seems to be drawn off "as it might be a napkin"; lambs "toss and toss—it is as if the earth flung them, and not themselves"; river billows "always look back"; from a mountain "the cornfields below us were laid by the rain in curls like a lion's mane." Hundreds of such images crowd the journal. To give an adequate idea of the minute attention with which he observed, it will be necessary to quote longer passages.

> July 22. Very hot, though the wind, which was south, dappled very sweetly on one's face and when I came out I seemed to put it on like a gown as a man puts on the shadow he walks into and hoods or hats himself with the shelter of a roof, a penthouse, or a copse of trees, I mean it rippled and fluttered like light linen, one could feel the folds and braids of it—and indeed a floating flag is like wind visible, and what weeds are in a current; it gives thew and fires it and bloods it in.—Thunderstorm in the evening, first booming in gong-sounds, as at Aosta, as if high up and so not re-echoed from the hills; the lightning very slender and nimble and as if playing very near, but after supper it was so terrible some people said they had never seen its like. People were killed, but in other parts of the country it was more violent than with us. Flashes lacing two clouds above or the cloud and the earth started upon the eyes in live veins of rincing or riddling liquid white, inched and jagged as if it were the shivering of a bright riband string which had once been kept round a blade and danced back into its pleatings. Several strong thrills of light followed the flash but a grey smother of darkness blotted the eyes if they had seen the flash, also dull furry thickened scapes of it were left in them. . . .
>
> July 23. To Beaumont: it was the rector's day. It was a lovely day: shires-long of pearled cloud under cloud, with a grey stroke underneath marking each row; beautiful blushing yellow in the straw of the uncut ryefields, the wheat looking white and all the ears making a delicate and very true crisping along the top and with just enough air stirring for them to come and go gently; then there were fields reaping. All this I would have looked at again in returning but during dinner I talked too freely and unkindly and had to do penance going home. One field I saw from the balcony of the house behind an elm tree, which it threw up, like a square of pale goldleaf, as it might be, catching the light.

When that was written (1873), Hopkins was not yet capable of bringing a similar quality to his verse. Apart from the fact that his early poems are sustained by little emotion except (as with Swinburne) the emotion of writing poetry, he does not succeed till much later in fusing spiritual with visual and rhythmic intensity. The terrific force of *Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves*, and other poems of his last period, is held by exact imagery.

Perhaps I have laboured a few points excessively; but they are to me by far the most striking parts of the book. The journal contains a few amenities outside the interest of poetry; we learn with pleasure that Hopkins attended Court during the summing-up of the Tichborne trial, that he enjoyed the spectacle of a mock-battle of 7,000 territorials on Wimbledon Common. The book adds less to our knowledge of his character, however, than of his poetic method. There are long essays on poetic diction, rhythm and rhetoric, poetry and verse; a platonic dialogue on the origin of beauty—interesting but inconclusive; sermons, lecture notes, and a letter from a schoolfellow giving a picture of Hopkins at school. All these have been admirably edited by Mr. Humphry House, whose copious notes in a long section towards the end are a model of scholarship and relevant inquiry. I am only sorry that throughout the book he has refrained from giving us his own criticism of Hopkins. No doubt he is keeping that for another occasion.

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BLACK AND WHITE

Savage Civilisation. By TOM HARRISSON. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Few men who have "gone black" as thoroughly as Tom Harrisson have succeeded in coming back more able than before to tackle the complexities of Western existence. None have, I think, so speedily and agreeably presented the results of such an experience. This book is not only an account of cannibal life among one of the world's most interesting and least-known peoples, but also a study of culture contact between black and white in a neglected South Sea archipelago where it is difficult to say to which of the two races the words "Savage Civilisation" should be more properly applied.

From the first appearance on the scene, in the year 1606, of the Spanish explorer Quiros, whose idea of establishing friendly relations with the natives was to put them in the stocks, and who, in the largest island of this group, now known as the New Hebrides, founded a New Jerusalem, the author goes on to tell of the long list of tragic encounters. Even Cook, despite his genius for native contacts, was unable to avoid clashes disastrous to the natives. "So soon were these daring people humbled," says Cook. "Who had the guns?" says Harrisson. These were but fleabites. Sandalwood traders—"Sweetsmelling" this gruesome episode is headed—making huge profits in the China trade, slaughtering natives, burning them in caves, and selling chiefs to be eaten by rival tribes; blackbirders kidnapping natives for labour on Queensland plantations; later, and even now under what Mr. Harrisson calls the Pandemonium Government (the first League of Nations ever tried because British and French both wanted these islands, and, neither giving way, they formed a Condominium "for the protection of the natives"), a system of "indentured labour" abused to the point of slavery; these things are not easy to believe, but they are true.

Now missionaries, "Christ in Chaos," who, despite gross faults—five separate persuasions claim possession of the only Truth—are almost the only decent white men there, the only influence protecting the natives from other whites. Then Lever Bros., kings of the Western Pacific as of half the industrial world, with their job of making dividends from the sweat of native and planter alike. The arrival of Fairbanks and Hollywood create a comic interlude.

Now for the constructive side of Mr. Harrisson's picture. He climbed most of the mountains in the group, he made a complete census of the population of Malekula, visiting many hitherto unknown parts of this wild island. And though he went out an ornithologist, he came back a better anthropologist than many who call themselves such. The book begins and ends and is throughout punctuated with vivid accounts, racily told, of native life, its joys, its sorrows, its ritual pomp and sacrifice of boars with tusks artificially induced to grow round into circles—in some islands these animals are intersexed—its warfare and its love, courage and fears, and above all its vitality in its own setting. It includes penetrating analyses of character and detailed eye-witness descriptions of cannibal rites and dances and a scholarly discussion of the great problems of migration.

In the past 100 years, due to the white man's influence, the population of the group has sunk from something like a million to 45,000. Is this to go on till they are extinct? Mr. Harrisson thinks no. A few islands, like Atchin, are already recovering. There the natives have gauged the white man and learnt at least some of his tricks. They have bought back the land which had been taken from them and have started their own copra industry without giving up the best elements of native culture. "Europeanised heathenism" is the author's ideal solution. "One can only hope that by some inconceivable luck or some improbable development among the white race this compromise may be a fair one." As for ourselves, "Science has brought us to the edge of an abyss; we gaze into it. . . . Carelessly we obliterate what we do not understand; but what is, nevertheless, basic, human, and necessary to be understood." To this necessary understanding Mr. Harrisson has made a notable and an enthralling contribution.

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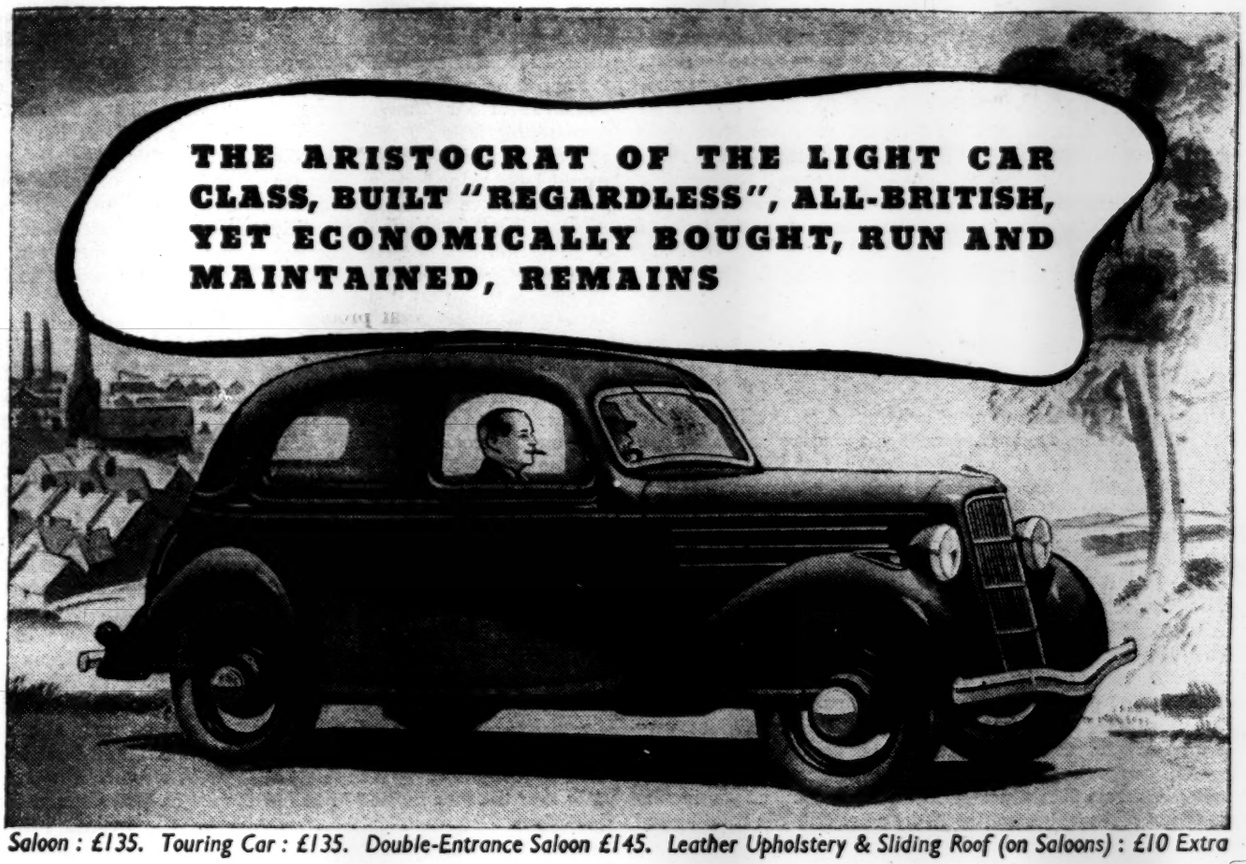
FANNY BRAWNE

Letters of Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats, 1820-1824. Edited with an Introduction by FRED EDGCUMBE. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Seldom does the subjective nature of love receive fuller illustration than in the love affairs of great artists; for, though artists are not necessarily more passionate than ordinary men and women—indeed, since they are primarily self-centred, the reverse is very often true—a self-conscious and introspective habit of mind will throw the mechanics of love into sharper and more striking relief. Here, as elsewhere, we notice how a disposition to fall in love almost invariably precedes the actual process of falling, and how the victim—once he or she has achieved the fatal but wished-for slip-up—manages, temporarily at least, to forget the days, weeks, months when the feeling of love had begun to germinate but the object of love had not yet been found. Thus, at the end of October, 1818, Keats, writing to his brother George, devotes a long and celebrated passage to an East-Indian visitor whom he had encountered at the house of his friends the Reynolds—the Creole girl who, if she was not positively a Cleopatra, was at any rate a Charmian, who had "a rich Eastern look" and, when she came into the room, made "the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess." "She kept me awake (he records) as a tune of Mozart's might do." He dismisses, nevertheless, the idea that he is inclined to become seriously attached—"as a man of the world, I love the rich talk of a Charmian; as an eternal being, I love the thought of you. I should like her to ruin me, and I should like you to save me"; but it is clear that a diffused and hazy state of emotion, half pleasurable, half painful, was already colouring his fancy, and we are not surprised when, some time early in December, again writing to George, Keats composes a second feminine portrait—appreciative, though not altogether complimentary—the outline of a young woman whom he could neither decide to admire nor find it in his heart quite to reject—an intractable, capricious, bewildering creature, "beautiful and elegant, graceful, silly, fashionable and strange."

Such was his original view of Fanny Brawne. Within a comparatively short period, under the influence (one may conjecture) of those feelings that had haunted his imagination for severa months, he was definitely and, as soon as the passion had had time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to develop, desperately in love; and, by the middle of April, he wrote to tell his brother of a dream in which he, as Paolo, and some unnamed beloved, as Francesca, had floated, lip to lip, upon the Dantesque storm-wind—"it seemed for an age; and in the midst of all this cold and darkness I was warm; ever-flowery tree-tops sprung up, and we rested on them, sometimes with the lightness of a cloud, till the wind blew us away again." Keats and Fanny were now openly engaged; and Mr. Edgcumbe, curator of the Keats Museum and editor of the newly discovered *Letters of Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats*, supposes that their engagement may have taken place as early as Christmas Day, 1818, which Fanny Brawne describes to the poet's sister as "the happiest day I had ever then spent." From that moment, the progress of their love affair is common knowledge—or rather its lack of progress; for circumstances denied the lovers any ordinary satisfaction; while, in Keats' mind, an agonising loyalty to his own genius always weighed against the equally agonising devotion that swung him towards Fanny; so that, even in his outbursts of passion, there is a hint of reserve.

Read consecutively, Keats' letters to Fanny Brawne make up one of the oddest and most moving love stories ever put on record; and, quite apart from their human or psychological interest, they have an illuminating connection with his literary work. Love affairs do not conduce to sincere expression; but Keats' integrity—his distinguishing characteristic among nineteenth-century writers—and his determination to preserve that integrity, appear in every line. Besides Keats, Byron seems a reckless and irresponsible, though immensely entertaining, *poseur*: Shelley, a brilliant ill-fated child who dabbled in the lives of other human beings as he dabbled in ideas, with the same explosive and disastrous results. If there is one reason to regret the death of Keats more, perhaps, than we regret the death of any other short-lived modern poet or novelist, it is because (united to a delicate executive genius) he had a kind of intellectual honesty of which the history of the European romantic movement provides very few examples. There is a touch of shoddiness, spiritual and intellectual, about a great many of the products of romantic literature; whereas Keats possessed an inner rectitude, a faculty of scrupulous self-analysis, which, had he lived, might have helped him to combine the best features of Augustan and Romantic verse—the sobriety and self-restraint of earlier poets, the extended consciousness and imaginative hardihood of the Romantic age.

His love letters are intensely passionate, yet rarely unbalanced. Only towards the very end, when the splash of bright arterial blood upon his handkerchief had warned him of approaching dissolution, did frenzy break in; and it was then that he wrote the appalling and pathetic letters numbered XXXV, XXXVI and XXXVII in Mr. Buxton Forman's volume, where, tortured by unreasoning jealousy of his friend Brown, he implores Fanny not to write to him "if you have done anything this month which it would have pained me to have seen," and protests miserably that "I cannot live without you, and not only you but *chaste you; virtuous you*." During the earlier stages of their relationship, he is doing his best to reconcile the claims of solitariness with the passionate need that attacked him for Fanny Brawne's society. In Letters V and VI, he explains that he is absorbed in the excitement of creation. "My Mind is heap'd to the full; stuff'd like a cricket ball—if I strive to fill it more it would burst. I know the generality of women would hate me for this; that I should have so unsoften'd, so hard a Mind as to forget them. . . . But I conjure you to give it a fair thinking. . . . Ask yourself whether 'tis not better to explain my feelings to you, than write artificial Passion." And again, confessing that he has been in London, but does not intend to pay a visit to Wentworth Place: "I am a Coward, I cannot bear the pain of being happy: 'tis out of the question: I must admit no thought of it."

Meanwhile, what of Fanny Brawne herself? Was Keats right in imagining that, unlike "the generality of women," she could forgive first apparent neglect, then the distracted importunities of a man who felt that all occasion of human happiness would soon melt away—realised "how horrid was the chance of slipping into the ground instead of into your arms"? Till his disease had started to make serious inroads, two main themes, Love and Poetry, constitute the background of Keats' letters. Death has appeared, but only as a reminder that his time might be brief and that as yet he had done little. Suddenly, it was brought home to him that the interruption he dreaded was, in fact, close at hand; and from that point his letters take on the urgent, pleading, perpetually unsatisfied tone of a man who hopes against hope, reaching their crescendo in the letter (not destined for Fanny Brawne) which details his sensations as he left England and describes how the silk lining she had sewn into his travelling-cap seemed to scorch his head. The letters with which Fanny, no doubt, tried to stem a despair that it was quite beyond her power to remedy, have not been preserved; and, up to now, on the strength of Keats' first rather slighting impressions, it has generally been assumed that she was a somewhat foolish and trivial young woman, who accepted a homage that she could not understand, or was flattered to receive a devotion that she did not share. Her letters to Keats' sister are reassuring. Keats, in common with other lovers, may have loved a shadow—a being part real, part imaginary, compounded by the needs of his own temperament and the inclinations of his own heart; but it is pleasant to learn that the real and vocal side of this apparition was not entirely unsympathetic, that Fanny, though "silly, fashionable and strange," was very far from being vulgar or insensitive. Her letters (written between 1820 and 1824) are not exciting documents, but they show that she had grasped, or had at least some vague intuitive conception of, Keats' value. They are prosaic; yet through them runs a strain of kindliness and pleasant good sense which makes them, on the whole, extremely agreeable reading. During the latter months of 1820 and the January and February of the following year, she tries her hardest to soften the effect of the exceedingly gloomy bulletins that kept arriving from Severn at Naples and Rome. Finally, on March 27th, 1821—more than a month after the poet's death—she writes a letter of consolation which, if not particularly eloquent, has at all events the virtue of being simple, direct and unaffected. "I know my Keats (she writes) is happy, happier a thousand times than he could have been here, for Fanny, you do not, you can never know how much he has suffered. So much that I do believe, were it in my power I would not bring him back." That she herself had been the involuntary cause of his acutest suffering may help to explain the curious bitterness of the final sentence.

PETER QUENNELL

The Autobiography of a Spiv

The Other Half

JOHN WORBY · 8/6

DENT

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THE SENTIMENTAL SPIV

The Other Half: The Autobiography of a Spiv. By JOHN WORBY. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A "spiv," according to the glossary at the end of this book, is a man who earns his living by his wits. There is other good slang in this glossary: "Big game" (vermin), "busker" (street musician), "pouf" (homosexual), "rocks" (diamonds), "fluff" ("a passing girl who is very young and shy, won't even look or smile.") If the whole book were as vivid as the glossary, it would be good indeed.

Meet Mr. John Worby, spiv. He has a broad honest face, a flat nose, a corrugated forehead from which the hair rises toughly in disorder, sentimental eyes under black brows. That at least is the impression conveyed by a drawing towards the end of the book, and the narrative bears it out. At an early age, escaping from English orphanages, he sailed for America and the open road. He began to scrawl his sign on doss-house walls, "the Sunset Kid"; he became a boaster. Toughness, overlying a sentimental simplicity, was his line; and with almost miraculous adroitness he side-steps murderous squads of hoboes drinking methylated spirits, girls who want him not for a night but a lifetime, a religious crank with a full purse, furious policemen, slick gangsters, eccentrics of every kind. How pat all these adventures seem to fall! One night Mr. Worby is hungry in the woods, and with some of his mates he raids a nearby farm bringing back chickens and a pig, which is roasted whole. He needs a new pair of trousers; he pitches a tale at the police-station and gets them. He wants a girl, there she is; next morning he is tired and repentant, and off he goes. Everything, when it is wanted, comes to hand as in *Swiss Family Robinson*. And how yielding, how simple, how romantic in utterance his girls are! And he must always move on! Consciously or not, Mr. Worby sees himself as the everlasting tramp, whistling a few bars in the early morning, leaving a broken heart, a threatening fist, an empty larder behind. He gets the genre all right, with some variety and some simplicity of charm. Do we believe all he says? Difficult to say. The book is unconvincing chiefly because of the way it is written; that is, sentimentally. But it contains a heap of startling and comic happenings. The sexual adventures, particularly, are new in this kind of book. *The Other Half* ends with a long episode in high life; our spiv is adopted by an enchanting woman who gives him a whole wardrobe, bath salts, cocktail shakers, evenings at the theatre, and a share of her bed. She turns out to be a dope-fiend; he cures her of that. There is some talk of marriage, but, regretfully, he has had enough. Time to move on. "That night I slept under the starry skies in the open country."

This is the book, by the way, which Mr. James Douglas has decided "*must* be banned":

> I have tried to decontaminate my mind, but there are horrors in this book which harrow the memory and harass the imagination. It contains pages which wounded me not only mentally, but physically.

Poor Mr. Douglas.

> The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
> Wept, and the tears within each lid
> Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
> Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

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The New Chemistry. By E. N. DA C. ANDRADE. *Bell.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Cosmic Rays Thus Far. By H. B. LEMON. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Andrade's book is a clearly written account of the recent developments in chemistry in which the transmutation of matter and the creation of artificial radioactivity have been accomplished. It can be understood by anyone who can read, and its only fault is its reluctance to do anything more than hint at the possible future development of this branch of science. Many of these possibilities are probably very remote. The equipment for handling the energy required to break down the atomic structure is wasteful and inefficient in a way that could be compared to snipe shooting with field guns, but even at this stage of efficiency the accomplishments have been formidable enough for us to forecast the medical use of radiosodium and other artificially radioactive materials. Radiosodium is ordinary sodium made radioactive by a bombardment of Deuterons accelerated by a potential of two million volts, for medical purposes it has the advantage of a higher rate of discharge than radium and that in the space of a week it burns out into magnesium, which is harmless and need not therefore be removed from whatever part of the body it may have been put into. Professor Andrade guardedly says that it "may have great medical uses." It has, in fact, already been shown to be a superior therapeutic weapon to radium. In Paris Joliot is experimenting with other radioactive materials in the hope that they will prove to have further uses to doctors, and research workers in Copenhagen have made interesting discoveries about the flow of phosphorus through the teeth by feeding radioactive phosphorus to rats, a type of investigation that promises to be of great use to the biologist as the atom treated in this manner can be identified wherever it may turn up, and in whatever form. The book concludes on a cautiously optimistic note for at the end of this research, whatever benefits may be picked up on the way, is the atomic heat engine and its inevitable companion, the atomic bomb—a hint of the potentialities of which may be gathered from the fact that one gramme of lithium with hydrogen in combustion release as much heat as ten tons of coal—and these things are unattainable with the knowledge and equipment that are at present in our possession.

Dr. Lemon is concerned with a by-product of the new chemistry which had its origin in bother about a source of leakage into electroscopes and which has led back along the paths of the cosmic rays to immense explosions in universes at such distances as a hundred million light years. The problem of the origin of these rays is intimately concerned with the origin of matter itself, and is perhaps one of the most teasing subjects for speculation. As well as coming to us from the depths of space the banded spectrum of the rays also appears when atoms of the more complicated elements are produced from hydrogen, and there is some ground for the belief that the showers of positrons noticed in connection with cosmic ray manifestation are caused by the destruction of atomic nuclei: these facts suggest that their future study may give us the knowledge of the most favourable conditions for atomic conversion that will bring us the heat engine—and the bomb. But it will not be done in a hurry, and the concluding words of Professor Andrade's book may remain true until mankind can be trusted with such power. "It does not," he says, "seem possible so far to turn the New Chemistry to destructive ends."

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Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	52,941,374
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks ...	22,092,096
Money at Call & Short Notice ...	28,687,886
Investments at or under Market Value ...	127,892,039
Bills Discounted	21,791,113
British Treasury Bills	52,622,885
Advances to Customers & other Accounts ...	189,516,488
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A Pageant of History, Scenes from 30 Centuries. Compiled and edited with an introduction by E. E. KELLETT. *Michael Joseph.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Should a pageant have a plan? It is no easy matter to impose one upon scenes chosen from thirty centuries of history, and though the editor speaks of his theme, any formal idea of unity or development is really lacking from this anthology of famous events. We begin with the Code of Hammurabi and end with an extract from the Constitution of the League of Nations; but we are not to have a treatment of Western civilisation on the lines of Montesquieu and Maine. The first quarter of the book deals with incidents in Jewish and classical history; the second quarter with the Dark and Middle Ages; while the second half treats of events in English history with some reference to European affairs. Over 25 per cent. of the extracts treat of battles, sieges, wars and invasions. To some readers the chief value of the book will lie in the compendious survey of English historical writing which it enables them to make. It is a journey through the greatest diversity of scenery, rough going at first, through the intricate, overgrown pathways of Hooker and Raleigh; then easier through the open parkland of Clarendon's prose; ahead they may descry the twin peaks of Gibbon and Burke, the one massive, monotonous and classical, the other flashing and romantic; then down into the glens and plains of the nineteenth century, through the picturesque sparkle of Macaulay and the theatrical storms of Carlyle, and so to the level contours of Milman, Lecky, Freeman and Stubbs, often dull for all their diligent cultivation. Why has Mr. Kellett cut short this panorama somewhere at the end of the nineteenth century and left the impression of a predominantly Victorian decor to his pageant? Of the moderns we have Dr. Wingfield-Stratford and Miss Waddell, but there are many worthy names that may be looked for in vain. And they would have given us what really interests us, the modern view of past events. They are not merely literary annalists, fit matter for Greek and Latin prose exercises, and that is what the lesser Victorians, such as Roscoe, Arnold, and Stanley, now mostly seem; but they treat their subject from the points of view, ethnological, archaeological, or physiological, that seem significant to the modern mind.

African Beliefs and Christian Faith. By EDWIN W. SMITH. *The United Society for Christian Literature.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Edwin Smith is a missionary, an anthropologist, and an African linguist. In the *Ila Speaking Peoples of Northern Rhodesia*, of which he was part author, he gave an intimate study of a Bantu people; in *The Golden Stool* he showed from one outstanding example in Ashanti the part that anthropological research may play in the solution of problems of native administration, and in a later book, *Aggrey of Africa*, he wrote the story of an inspiring African leader. His present volume is an introduction to theology for African students and evangelists, and he interprets Christian beliefs to the mind of Africa in a way that few authors are qualified to do. The first part of his book is an anthology from many sources of what Africans believe about God, and their thought and reflections about the ultimate problems of life. Presented and interpreted by Mr. Smith, these beliefs and legends do not sound trivial, queer and eccentric, as they sometimes do in the hands of travellers and anthropologists, but the grave, reasonable and imaginative thoughts of homely men. The native's modes of thought may not be so distant from ours as Professor Levy-Bhrul would have us believe, but he remains a poet, a thinker in images without a trace of that concrete, quantitive, and experimental type of thought that has given birth to the scientific achievements of the human race. In the second part of his book the author traces the growth of belief in God among the Jews. Here he studies facts, well known but obscured by familiarity, under the categories of African thought, and throws a new and most interesting light upon some of the more primitive elements in the Old Testament by a comparison with African modes of thought and experience. In the third part Mr. Smith outlines simply and effectively the doctrine of God in the teaching of Christ. In writing this book Mr. Smith has submitted himself to the limitations imposed by the Basic English vocabulary with the addition of about a dozen words, but he is so good a craftsman and has learnt, perhaps from his African friends, to speak so well in a language of simple imagery, that his excellent book seems thereby to win an added charm.

Diderot's Writings on the Theatre. Edited by F. C. GREEN. *Cambridge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Diderot's writings on the theatre were formerly only accessible in a twenty-volume complete edition. Professor Green has selected them, edited them, and provided them with a preface. Unfortunately his preface says little or nothing about the theatre in Diderot's time, and indeed merely retails Diderot's life story in a peculiarly platitudinous style. "So, at the tender age of thirteen, the submissive head of Denis Diderot was duly shaven, and as a matter of course the tonsured urchin was given the courtesy title of abbé." There are hardly any notes, and as Diderot's views about the stage are rarely of any interest other than historical, this is unfortunate. Diderot's opinion of the drama of his time is about as important to anyone interested in the art of the theatre to-day as his writings on Greuze are to the modern painter. And how Professor Green discovered that, unlike Voltaire and Rousseau, Diderot was devoid of petty vanity, and incidentally that "as an original thinker he was easily their peer," is a mystery.

The Belle of Bali: Being the Impressions of a Pleasure Cruise to the Dutch East Indies. By ARDASER SORABJEE N. WADIA. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Wadia's descriptions of the island of Bali are enthusiastic and often lyrical, but in spite of occasional exaggerations, perhaps because of them, he does make the island and its people curiously vivid, and as his descriptions are supported by a series of superb photographs taken by himself, much may be forgiven him. The Balinese girls particularly attracted him, and he gives us many descriptions of their charm of movement and manner. But he is at his best when he describes the arts and crafts of the country, which he does in some detail. And having told us of the happy, cheerful, carefree nature of the people, we are prepared to concur in his congratulations to the Netherlands Government on their refusal to allow a Christian missionary to spoil so agreeable a scene. Yet these charming people are famous for their masks in which all the horrors of the mediaeval gargoyle are multiplied. Perhaps it was by exaggeration of this kind that the Balinese freed themselves from the terrors of superstition and made of their religion an amusing pastime.

Maitland: Selected Essays. Edited by H. D. HAZELTINE, G. LAPSLEY, P. H. WINFIELD. *Cambridge University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In these selected papers from Maitland's "collected papers," and in his Introduction to Memoranda de Parliamento, 1305, with which the volume opens, will be found the whole theory of mediaeval law with lucid expositions of the subtle fictions invented by mediaeval lawyers to make its practice equitable as new conditions of trade and inheritance compelled changes in that which mediaeval thought held to be unchangeable. In these essays we have all those anomalies, which it has taken our lawyers from Mansfield onwards over a century to clear away, explained and illustrated with a brilliance and a clarity that make every essay a literary as well as an historical gem. Devised to deal with persons and with land, the first in their relations to liege lords and the second in relation to feudal tenure, all manner of fictions were invented to give corporations personality and to release movable property from the thraldom of real property. And through this maze of invention Maitland moves with ease and the lover of history can follow him with an ease as assured; can, in fact, see the truth of his assertion that "if once you become interested in the sort of history that tries to unravel these and similar problems, you will think some other sorts of history rather superficial; may say that the most interesting person you ever met was *persona ficta*."

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Feb. 25th	Germany	BRINLEY THOMAS
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Mar. 8th	The Soviet Union	LOUIS SEGAL
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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
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Week-end Competitions

No. 358

Set by V. S. Pritchett

"Kiss me, Hardy," "Up Guards and at 'em," and other apocryphal sayings have given a human interest to great occasions. The usual prizes are offered for such exclamations suitable to six of the following people and occasions.

1. Hitler on the morning after the Nazi purge.
2. Mr. Charles Laughton during "Peter Pan."
3. Mr. Beverley Nichols on receiving praise from a highbrow reviewer.
4. Any Ocean flyer on sighting the Atlantic coast.
5. Mussolini ordering gas to be used on the Abyssinians.
6. Goebbels after reading Freud.
7. Freud after reading Goebbels.
8. Mr. Ivor Brown meeting a bishop in Pall Mall.
9. Dr. Buchman at the Surrealist exhibition.
10. General Franco seeing planes overhead.
11. Stalin at his own trial for wrecking.
12. Sir John Reith on a comedian who made a shameful impromptu.
13. Mr. James Douglas on reading for the first time Tristram Shandy.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 29.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 356

Set by Frederick Laws

The usual prizes are offered for three poker-work, four-line poems suitable for the Study, the Guest's Bedroom and the Bathroom.

Report by Frederick Laws

There were some seventy entries and several people sent in a double set of verses. The commonest fault was seriousness. Too many competitors were pious in the study, sentimental in the bedroom, and gently jocose in the bathroom. They achieved the poker-work spirit to perfection, but forgot that even competition setters can be bored. They also said precisely the same things in much the same way. "Tor," for instance, either takes as naturally to the poker as some do to the pen or he is no mean parodist. Here is his Bathroom:

Cleanliness and Godliness are lovesome things God wot,
And consideration for others is not just "tommy-rot";
So please replace the tooth-paste cap, pick towels off the floor,
And as Modesty is a virtue, don't forget to bolt the door.

(Where hot water is not adequate suggest further two-line motto above tap).

"God made cold water—Man made it Hot,"
He who uses his and other's shares deserves to be shot.
(Or words to that effect.)

Guy Innes expressed the hope that "fearlessly adjudicated, this competition should eradicate the Guest Pest." And indeed the best entries were usually designed to put misguided guests in their places.

The First Prize must certainly go to Miss Betts. For the Second—after lengthy consideration of R.D.C., W. L. Nicholls and Gerald Summers, each of whom had one weak verse—I recommend Charles Lloyd-Jones.

POKER-WORK POEMS

FIRST PRIZE

1. FOR THE BATHROOM:

The chap who leaves a Plimsoll line
Will not again be guest of mine,
And chap who loses soap down plug-hole
Will leave this house with flea in lug-hole.

2. FOR THE GUEST-ROOM (Single-bedded):

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
How little blessing hath it known
Since I lie on it alone!

3. FOR THE STUDY, OR SNUGGERY;

In this place of meditation
Please refrain from conversation.
Be mindful that a den or snuggery
Is not the proper place for anything like that.

(Miss) P. Y. BETTS

SECOND PRIZE

STUDY

Wrinkle, wrinkle, little brow,
For the door is locked and now
You can sit right back and take
That Crime-Club book from under Blake.

GUEST'S BEDROOM

George had been smoking in bed;
We found him just cooked to a turn.
If wakeful, go courting instead
It's better to marry than burn.

BATHROOM

Narcissus idling by his bath
Got led right up the garden-path.
Make haste, lest you, your time out-stayed,
Become a rusty razor-blade. CHARLES LLOYD-JONES

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

"*Why no Rugger problem?*" *writes* "*Old Blue*" (Alma Mater *not stated*). "*All this Soccer is very depressing to those of us who prefer the 'handling code.' Is the arithmetic of Rugger too difficult, or what's the big idea?*"

In response to this plaint, I have pleasure in presenting:

PROBLEM 212.—RUGGER IN RURITANIA

"Recently" (writes Redcap) "I introduced Rugger into Ruritania. We started a League Championship, for which eight teams competed, each playing each of the others once.

"To simplify matters, we abolished penalty goals and goals kicked from a mark. Thus the only scoring factors were placed goals, dropped goals and tries. Points were reckoned for these as at home.

"The scores in our League Championship would have interested your problem fans. My secretary, Roughneck, who is a bit of a problemist himself, made a numerical analysis of them. He discovered the following extraordinary facts.

"(*a*) No match was drawn. (*b*) In no match did either team participating fail to score. (*c*) The aggregate points scored were the same in all matches. (*d*) Each match produced scores which, when analysed into placed goals, dropped goals and tries, made that match distinguishable from each of the others. (*e*) This would not have been possible had one more match been played.

"The winners of the contest were the Ruperts of Hentzau, who won all their matches. And there were three odd things about their scores, too. First, in no two matches did they score the same number of points. Second, in only one of their matches did they cross their opponent's line more than four times. Third, there was no score for a dropped goal in any match in which they took part."

How many tries were scored by the Ruperts of Hentzau, and how many of these were converted?

PROBLEM 210.—TODGER'S RACE

This is one of those problems that is most readily solved by trial within the framework of well-defined mathematical principles. It is soon discoverd that *Todger was No.* 3.

Here is E. T. Gill's solution:

Let w, x, y, z be the order 100 yards from the finish; then the final order is either z, y, w, x or z, y, x, w; hence

$$w(100x + 10y + z) = 1{,}000z + 100y + 10w + x$$

or $1{,}000z + 100y + 10x + w$;

giving (i) $y = \{100wx - 10w - x + wz - 1{,}000z\}/\{10(10 - w)\}$
or (ii), $y = \{100wx - 10x + w(z - 1) - 1{,}000z\}/\{10(10 - w)\}$

Among the conditions for integral positive values of y are

in case (i), [A] $wx > 10z$ and [B] $wz - x = 10n$ | $n = 0$ or 1 or 2, etc.
in case (ii), [A] $wx > 10z$ and [C] $w(z - 1) = 10n$ |

Of the 36 values of w, x, z satisfying [B] only 9 satisfy [A] and, of these nine, only $w = 8$, $x = 4$, $z = 3$ give an integral value of y, viz., $y = 7$. Neither for $z = 1$ nor for the other six values of w and z satisfying [C] is an integral value of y obtained. Bolo was ∴ 8; Ginger, 4; Boob, 7 and Todger 3.

PROBLEM 209.—THE LITERARY LEAGUE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to W. E. Stubbs, 68 Latymer Court, Hammersmith, W.6.

Seven points are awarded.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

MR. EDWIN FISHER'S ADDRESS

The 42nd Ordinary General Meeting of Barclays Bank Limited was held on Thursday in London. Mr. Edwin Fisher (Chairman) presided.

The Chairman, at the outset of his address, referred to the retirement in October last of Mr. W. Favill Tuke from the Chairmanship of the Board, to his own election as Chairman and to the succession of Mr. W. M. Goodenough to the office of Deputy Chairman.

Current, Deposit and Other Accounts on 31st December last amounted to £429,538,416 and showed an increase of £22,756,146 compared with the previous year, while the average for the year 1936, as returned in their Monthly Statements, was higher by £25½ million. The average holding of Cash in Hand and with the Bank of England of Barclays Bank in 1936 was greater than in 1935, but the figures at 31st December last showed a decrease, compared with a year earlier, of £136,711 to £51,909,017 and the ratio to Deposits stood at 12.08 per cent., against 12.79 per cent. Money at Call and Short Notice, at £26,318,800, was higher by £714,550.

Bills Discounted at the end of 1936, at £59,248,252, showed a contraction of £1,447,620 in comparison with the figures for the previous year, but the average holding for the whole twelve months, as recorded in their Monthly Statements, was greater than in 1935 by £7.7 million. This rise, which was common to the other Clearing Banks, no doubt reflected the increase in the average allotment of Treasury Bills at the weekly tenders throughout the past year to £44.7 million, against £37.7 million in 1935. This latter increase had taken place in spite of the fact that the total of Treasury Bills outstanding during 1936 had been appreciably lower than in the corresponding period of the preceding year. The expansion in the volume of Treasury Bills available to the Market must, therefore, have resulted from a decrease in those held by other parties, such as Government Departments and the Exchange Equalisation Account.

Discount Rates in the past twelve months had shown little change compared with 1935, the average rate of discount at which the Treasury Bills had been allotted having been 11*s.* 7*d.* per cent., against 10*s.* 6*d.* per cent. for the preceding year. Mr. Fisher referred to the scarcity of ordinary Trade Bills available to the Discount Market and pointed out that the long-sustained absence of a large volume of commercial paper must eventually have its effect upon market technique.

Investments, without taking into account their holdings in Associated Banks, stood at £109,367,473. This figure was £3,240,153 higher than that shown in their Balance Sheet, a year ago. On the other hand, owing to the increase in Deposits, the ratio of Investments to Deposits had fallen slightly, being 25.46 per cent., compared with 26.08 per cent. at the close of 1935. Of the total of Investments, no less than £100,023,564 consisted of Securities of, or guaranteed by, the British Government.

ADVANCES.

Advances had increased to £179,655,011, against £160,549,222 on 31st December, 1935, and their ratio to Deposits had risen to 41.82 per cent., compared with 39.46 per cent. The upward trend in Advances was a further indication of improved industrial and commercial activity.

An analysis of their Advances showed that, at the end of November, there were 202,228 customers having Advances, compared with 200,744 at the end of October, 1935, the average Advance being £854, against £774. The bulk of the Advances made by the Bank were to persons borrowing sums not exceeding £1,000, and at the end of November last, the number of customers so borrowing accounted for 87.6 per cent. of the total, against 88.2 per cent. a year before. Loans to productive industry amounted to 31.8 per cent. of the total value, compared with 32.7 per cent. at the end of October, 1935.

The Net Profit for the year ended 31st December last, after payment of all charges and after making provision for all Bad and Doubtful Debts and for Contingencies, amounted to the sum of £1,894,361 0*s.* 5*d.*, an increase of £110,576 15*s.* 0*d.* on the previous year. The Directors had applied £250,000 in reduction of Premises Account and recommended the payment of the usual dividends at the rates of 10 per cent. per annum on the "A" Shares and 14 per cent. per annum on the "B" and "C" Shares, less Income Tax.

The Chairman said that when considering the results for the past year, they had to bear in mind the easy conditions still ruling in the Money Market and the effect of the low rates of interest on their earning capacity. Cheap money was one of the traditional correctives for industrial depression and the availability of large funds for employment at low rates of interest had been a factor in the revival of industry in this country. Very properly it acted as a stimulus to business; but it was necessary to guard against the danger of too much emphasis being placed on the importance of cheap money and too little on those other essentials which were necessary for the maintenance of healthy conditions, in which alone real prosperity could be assured.

The general recovery which the country was now experiencing undoubtedly owed its initial impetus to the wise action of the Government, which took the courageous step of placing the national finances on a sound basis and thus restoring confidence in sterling.

THE IMPORTANCE OF EXPORTS.

Proceeding, Mr. Fisher stated that the recovery in the United Kingdom, in other parts of the sterling area and in the United States had contributed towards a general revival, but they could not overlook the political anxieties which persisted in the international sphere.

The cause of a large part of the world's present difficulties was uncertainty and fear for the future, which had resulted in a network of restrictive measures that had only served to aggravate the problems to be solved. The more effective the trade barriers and the greater the expenditure on armaments, the greater the burden on the people and the greater the spirit of discontent and suspicion.

What was needed was undoubtedly freer intercourse between nations, so that goods, money and people could move with reasonable ease from country to country. Trade barriers must be relaxed; an international monetary system, based upon sound foundations, must be restored. Spasmodic gestures were insufficient.

These requirements had been stated many times, but in recent years, new events of national and international importance had followed one upon the other with such kaleidoscopic rapidity that there might be a tendency to lose sight of the essential objectives. But while they must keep these aims as ideals before them, they must recognise that it might be long before they could achieve them. The War had something more than a passing influence on the economic organisation of nations and upon their mentality, whether belligerents, or neutrals. Those engaged in hostilities realised the very real danger of being too dependent on external sources of supply for the necessaries of life. Those not so engaged, finding themselves unable to secure their customary quantities of imported goods, established new home industries, which, with the coming of peace, they felt obliged to protect. Similarly, many debtor countries, faced with the inability to obtain credit from abroad, had been forced to foster and encourage industries within their own boundaries. In those cases where, for various reasons, a policy of increasing self-sufficiency had been pursued, steps had been taken to support certain industries, which it would be very difficult to retrace, even if there were the wish to do so. The desire for self-sufficiency was frequently more deep-seated than one might imagine, and certain countries were prepared to make substantial sacrifices for the sake of it. Such a policy might appeal to the spirit of independence, but while it inspired enthusiasm in its initial stages, experience would prove that the policy was short-sighted, because no country could afford to remain in isolation with limited access to and exchange with the other countries.

The change in the creditor position of various countries resulting from the War had also had a marked influence on international, financial and trading relationships. America, in particular, as a great creditor nation, would continue, to a greater or less extent, to be a disturbing factor until the ability of her debtors to fulfil their obligations by sending goods was facilitated.

The readjustment of the values of certain important European currencies last year had also been followed by some reduction in trade barriers, and although these changes had been made chiefly with a view to preventing a rise in prices in the countries concerned, they should have a favourable effect over a wider area. Much remained to be done, however, and, therefore, while we must keep alive our ideals, we must do everything possible to make the most of existing opportunities. The conclusion of trade agreements, many of which had been beneficial to our exporters in recent years, might not be an ideal method of extending our overseas business, but it had proved useful and, in the absence of a better way, could not be discarded.

One result of the depression had been to force Governments to enter more fully into the commercial, industrial and agricultural life of nations. Although they might believe in the personal element in business and consider that much might be lost if individual enterprise and initiative continued to dwindle, yet the principle of large scale organisation of output and sales had found favour all over the world and this country must give it an adequate trial in appropriate cases.

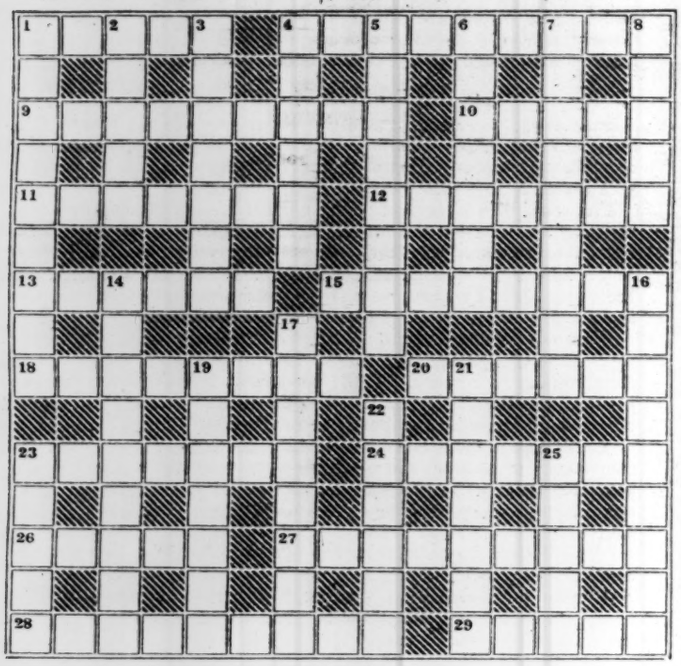
Before concluding his Address, the Chairman said he would like to express the hope that the prosperity which existed in most sections of the home market, and the difficulties of conducting foreign trade would not result in the development of domestic business to the neglect of overseas connections. Such a policy, if pursued, would be short-sighted, and unsound, for the time might well come when domestic business would prove less attractive than at present and foreign connections, once lost, were not easily recovered.

If the cause of peace could be furthered by developing international commercial relationships, it could be said with confidence that the great trading community of this country would most assuredly play its part.

The report was unanimously adopted.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 359

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
R. H. Kelsey, H.1. Sloane Avenue Mansions, S.W.3.

ACROSS

1. Do they remove water on the foot?
4. Though it doesn't force the pace, it takes the force apace.
9. How one is found out socially.
10. Fatalistic women.
11. Should have been consumed on Christmas Eve.
12. No doubt keeps a lock-up.
13. Their view of us was a gift Burns craved for us.
15. Politically in conjunction with Ross.
18. Go about like a little porker in extremity.
20. A Communist positively gives another colour wash.
23. Material outcome of a rescue.
24. Sounds a suitable name for the edge of the football pitch.
26. Forbid Joseph the musical instrument.
27. Embedded in the granary perhaps.
28. It would dawn on one no doubt at this pub.
29. Sort of person who jumps easily.

DOWN

1. It only takes cards round now.
2. Take tea in the course of a meal.
3. No doubt he pays his debts in his new home oversea.
4. Forked ends.
5. Coast that gives one a sore heel.
6. The business understudy.
7. Alice attended such an entertainment in Wonderland.
8. Necessity for modern bowmen.
14. It's bad luck to get a difficult verse to construe.
16. A jam day.
17. Bowlers try to hit them.
19. Suitable dressing for a meal of course.
21. Travellers overcome 14 as it were when they do this.
22. The weapon one leaves with uncle?
23. It bores one to be so sedate.
25. The sort of man who stomachs things.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

D	I	N	N	E	R	A	N	D	D	A	N	C	E	
A		I		A		V		E		P		I		D
Y	A	N	G	T	Z	E		A	P	O	S	T	L	E
L		E		S		N		R		S		H		A
I	M	P	I		G	O	O	D	S	T	R	A	I	N
G		I		T		L		E		R		R		A
H	A	N	G	A	R		M	A	R	O	C	A	I	N
T				R		T		R		P				D
S	Y	M	P	A	T	H	Y		P	H	Y	S	I	C
A		A		N		E		R		E		A		H
V	A	N	I	T	Y	F	A	I	R		A	R	I	A
I		X		E		L		C		P		A		P
N	A	C	E	L	L	E		C	O	A	L	T	I	T
G		A		L		E		I		I		O		E
	S	T	R	A	I	T	S	O	F	D	O	V	E	R

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ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Murder in the Cathedral. W., Th., S.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed. & Sat.
The Astonished Ostrich.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. W., Th., S.

HIPPODROME. Mother Goose. Daily, 2.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PHŒNIX. "Hell-for-Leather!" Thur., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tues. & Fri.
Till the Cows Come Home.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.

WESTMINSTER. Crooked Cross. Wed., Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
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IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON, ZENA DARE in
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DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. 4/10 to 12/6 (unres. 3/-).
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by T. S. ELIOT. Robert Speaight as "BECKET."
"The most remarkable play of the year."—*Evening News.*
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Mackenzie Ward. Nora Swinburne. Basil Radford.

GARRICK. (LAST WEEKS.) (Tem. 4601.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. DAILY 2 & 8.
Grand Pantomime, MOTHER GOOSE
Florence Desmond. Markova & Dolin. George Lacy.
Chili Bouchier & Company of 100.

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JACK BUCHANAN in
THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE,
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Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

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HULL Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.
Miss Smith. By Henry Bernard.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
The Shining Hour. By Keith Winter.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30.
Autumn Crocus.
By C. L. Anthony (Dodie Smith).

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.*

DANCE

BRITISH Section, Women's Committee Against War and Fascism.
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Suffolk Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.
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Ted Vides' Dance Band.
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THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

SPAIN WEEK in HOLBORN

January 22nd to 29th.

Organised by the Holborn and West Central Ctte. for Span. Med. Aid, 6 Gordon Sq., MUS. 5410.

FRIDAY 22nd., 8 p.m. Meeting Whitfields Central Mission, Tottenham Ct. Rd.

SATURDAY 23rd, 2.30 p.m. EXHIBITION OF SPANISH ART, Bloomsbury Gallery, 34 Bloomsbury St. Open thereafter 10–10, till Friday 29th. Admission 6d. Friday 29th, 7–10 p.m., FREE.

MONDAY 25th, 8.30 p.m. *Victoria Hall*, Bloomsbury Sq., Film "DEFENCE OF MADRID," and Concert of Spanish Songs by MIETTE MUTHESIUS. Tickets 3s. 6d., 2s., 1s., 6d., from 6 Gordon Sq.

TALKS on Spanish Art and History by W. Horsfall Carter on Sun. 24th; V. S. Pritchett, on Tues. 26th; Clough Williams-Ellis, on Wd. 27th; Prof. J. B. Trend, on Fri. 29th, at 8.30 p.m., at Bloomsbury Gallery.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Subscribers are reminded that instructions regarding a change of address should be received not later than first post on Wednesday morning. The Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1.

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February 14th (Battersea Town Hall),
on
PROBLEMS OF UNITY and the PEOPLE'S FRONT

Chairman: R. P. Dutt.

Speakers: Prof. Laski, G. D. H. Cole and Harry Adams.

All particulars from 7, John Street, W.C.1.

LOST

That newspaper cutting, that significant fact jotted down on the back of a mislaid envelope, those figures that would have finally proved your point to the man on the 8.20—but FOUND again in the pages of "WORLD SURVEY," the permanent monthly record of the *essential* news. Write Dept. NS/9, 25 Harmer St., Gravesend, Kent.

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TWO LECTURES ON
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Will be given by DR. CHARLOTTE BUHLER
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Fee for the two lectures 7/6, or 5/- for a single lecture.
Tickets IN ADVANCE from the Educational Secretary at the Institute.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE GILT-EDGED MALAISE—PROSPECTS OF RECOVERY—SHELL TRANSPORT AND OIL SHARES

To exchange the deliriousness of the stock markets for the delirium of the sick-room was so quickly done that I hardly noticed the change. I was quite certain that my temperature chart was the chart of the gilt-edged market. The nurse kept using the thermometer-telephone and I insisted on knowing the exact touch of the fever-market. Every two hours she reported a price which appeared to be that of Conversion 3 per cent. If it rose to above 103½ I was quite certain that the market would have a terrible collapse. Fortunately Toreador defeated the bulls of Conversion 3 per cent., and when, eventually, I returned to everyday life I discovered, with hardly any surprise, that both my temperature and the prices of gilt-edged stocks were sub-normal. The explanations given to me for the latter seemed the less convincing. First, Parliament has met and the market has become taxation-minded. How unreasonable! An increase in income tax, deducted from all income, is no special reason for a fall in gilt-edged stocks. Secondly, an early rearmament loan is feared. What a foolish alarm! It will be next autumn before the Treasury really feel the weight of rearmament expenditure, and if the Chancellor was contemplating an early rearmament loan he would be supporting the gilt-edged market instead of allowing it to fall. Thirdly, the authorities may be accepting a higher rate of interest because the final instalment of the London Electric Transport Finance Corporation 2½ per cent. debenture stock, 1950–55, Treasury guaranteed, was issued at 92½ to yield £3 1s. per cent. whereas the first instalment in July 1935 was issued at 97 to yield £2 14s. per cent. Well, the authorities, if they want the money quickly, have to take the market as they find it and no doubt considered a £9.6 millions issue as not worth fighting about. Fourthly, the market is nervous about the rise in commodity prices. The higher they go, it is said, the less inclined will the authorities be to widen the basis of credit, which means that the banks will not be able to maintain their investments as their advances increase. And, lastly, Mr. Keynes wrote three articles for the *Times* on how to avoid the next slump.

* * *

The fourth and fifth reasons, though I find them as unreasonable as the first three, probably account for most of the desultory selling which has depressed the gilt-edged market. I do not suppose for a moment that banks and insurance companies have been reducing their holdings; the selling has come from nervous individual investors and from industrial companies wanting cash for working capital. No doubt, also, the professional bear has been tempted into the market and has sold the "longs" short. Soon we shall see the technical recovery. But let us get rid of unreasonable fears about the long-term rate of interest. Commodity prices have not risen unreasonably. If the increase in the velocity of circulation does not take care of the rise in prices, the authorities, if they are not blind, will have to increase the supply of bank cash to meet the expansion of trade and take *ad hoc* measures, as Mr. Keynes suggests, to stop boom conditions developing in particular directions such as the new issue market and the Stock Exchange. Mr. Keynes, of course, said nothing to frighten the gilt-edged investor. He was preaching to the Government, the Treasury, and the Bank of England. He was urging them to use the enormous powers they hold, to make the long-term rate of interest just what they wanted "within reason." There is nothing wrong, he said, with the very moderate prosperity we now enjoy. There is nothing wrong with a rise in prices and wages in company with an increase in output. There is no risk of a shortage of bank cash, for we are working a free and independent monetary system and have a plethora of gold. In fact, all Mr. Keynes pointed out was how easy it was to avoid a slump in the gilt-edged market if you went the right way about it. Quite enough to bring in sellers!

* * *

If I had been told of the Shell Transport and Trading interim dividend and bonus at the time of their announcement, I would undoubtedly have made a quicker recovery. One's favourite share is bound up with one's health. I cannot help thinking that the Shell surprise was not unconnected with the retirement of Sir Henri Deterding. I do not believe that it was connected with the rise of ½*d.* per gallon in the price of petrol. That curious event seemed unconnected with anything. The export prices of American motor spirit have advanced by less than one quarter of a cent since the beginning of the year, and, even so, are no higher than the level of January, 1936. Tanker freight rates from the Gulf are about one-sixth of a farthing higher than a year ago. The present feature of the American oil situation is the marked increase in the demand for gas, diesel and fuel oils, which have risen substantially in price. Householders are burning more fuel oil for heating purposes and industry is requiring more fuel oil for boilers and diesel oil for internal-combustion engines. The difficulty at the oil refineries is to meet the demand for diesel and fuel oils without over-producing the supply of gasoline (petrol), the demand for which is at its seasonal low level. It is not without significance that the price of gasoline to-day is still about 40 per cent. below its 1929 quotations, whereas gas oil and fuel oil prices stand at some 85 per cent. and 120 per cent. respectively of their pre-slump levels. The national petrol distributors in Great Britain could only have advanced the price of petrol by ½*d.* per gallon to-day because they felt that a bigger increase would probably be necessary this summer. The demand for gasoline (petrol) is only seasonally dull: it is expected to make a further big advance this summer with the continued expansion of American trade. This, coming on top of the continuously increasing demand for fuel oils, will probably cause a general advance in crude oil prices. With their proved alacrity for passing on increased costs to the consumer, the leading oil companies, expanding their turnover each year, provide the outstanding equity investments on the London and New York Stock Exchanges. Shell Transport, cum bonus and ex dividend, are still comparatively cheap on the basis of estimated dividends, as the following table will show:

	Price.	Last Div.	Est. Div.	Gross Yield % on Est. Div.
Shell	6¾ cum bonus	17½ net	20 net	£4 13 3
Burmah ..	5 11/16	20	22½	4 7 0†
Anglo Iranian ..	5 7/16	15	20	3 13 6
V.O.C. 13/4 ..	2 11/16	18¾	20	4 19 3
Trinidad Leases	6 27/32	25	25	3 14 6†

† Equivalent gross, after allowing for reduced rate of Income Tax.

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Company Meeting

MICHAEL NAIRN & GREENWICH

CONTINUED PROGRESS

THE fifteenth annual general meeting of Michael Nairn and Greenwich, Ltd., was held on January 18th at Winchester House, London, E.C.

Sir Michael Nairn, Bt. (the chairman), said that the net revenue receivable from investments, interest, etc., amounted to £281,739, which compared with £252,088 for the year 1935, and the directors were again in the position to recommend the payment of a final dividend of 7½ per cent., making a total of 12½ per cent. for the year, and in addition the payment of a cash bonus of 2½ per cent.

The year just passed had been a prosperous one for British industry, and the continued improvement in the domestic trade of the country had naturally contributed to the successful trading of their various associated companies. Last year he had expressed the belief that the upward trend of the country's trade would continue for some years, and so long as the nation was able to enjoy industrial peace at home and remain free from international complications abroad, there was every reason to believe that the present measure of prosperity would continue.

Their trade interests were world-wide, and while it might appear that there should be no limit to the expansion of their overseas trade, it must, however, be remembered that trade embargoes, currency restrictions and exchange variations rendered the extension of their markets overseas increasingly difficult. As world prosperity on a sound basis was only possible by a resumption of international trading, it was to be hoped that some of the restrictions might ere long be sensibly relaxed. The various unilateral Trade Agreements negotiated by the Government had already produced important results.

Their Australian company, formed in 1927, continued to make steady progress, and the directors had every confidence that as the years went by their investment there would contribute substantial revenues to the parent company. At the present time one of their directors, Major W. C. Gordon Black, had just concluded a visit to Australia, and had reported favourably on the present outlook.

The transference of the Greenwich plant to Kirkcaldy was still in process, but the task was one of considerable magnitude and they were taking care to see that it was carried out with the minimum of interference with their manufacturing interests. Fortunately, trade continued to expand and that fact might necessitate the maintenance of the plant at Greenwich for some years to come. The report was adopted.

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Foreign General Manager: B. J. FOSTER.

Statement of Accounts

31st December, 1936.

	£	£
LIABILITIES.		
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Income Tax and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss	417,886,649	
Balances in Account with Subsidiary Banks	11,651,767	
		429,538,416
Acceptances and Endorsements, etc., for account of Customers		9,266,151
Paid-up Capital		15,858,217
Reserve Fund		10,250,000
ASSETS.		
Cash in hand and with the Bank of England		51,909,017
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection		14,721,891
Money at Call and Short Notice		26,318,800
Bills Discounted		59,248,252
Investments		109,367,473
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, *less* amounts written off):—		
The British Linen Bank—£1,240,360 10s. Stock		3,721,081
The Union Bank of Manchester Limited—300,000 Shares of £5 each, £2 10s. paid		750,000
Other Subsidiary Banks—(including fully paid Shares and 500,000 "B" Shares of £5 each, £1 per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) and 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each, 5s. per share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France) Limited)		2,498,341
Advances to Customers and other Accounts		179,555,011
Liability of Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements, etc.		9,266,151
Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties (at cost, *less* amounts written off)		7,456,767

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